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CHANGE AND ETERNITY.

Gone is the sheen of the stars, and the
last blown gleam of the moon,
And the planets are hidden in cloud
from the eyes of their sister Earth;
Only the lonely wind, singing his olden
tune,
Greets with a voice as of pain the
hour of a new day's birth;
For lost in the passing of days are by-
gone sorrow and mirth;
And the wind, blowing over the graves
of men who smiled or sighed,
Walls through the lonely night for
hopes that have no worth,
Having seen all things that were fair,
but none that had hope to abide.

But the sun smites once and again, the
mists dissolve and divide,
And the eyes of morning shine like
one awakened and glad;
The wind is hushed at last, the sky
shines blue and wide,
And forgotten are gloom and sighing,
and all that was dim and sad.
Softly the hours pass by, silent and
sunshine-clad,
Each with her word of delight, each
with a flower at her breast,
Till the last of them all is gone, and the
rose that sunrise had,
Glowing changing and fades and darkens,
afar in the unknown west.

Then with o'er-shadowing wings, and
cloud for a shimmering vest,
Silver-shod, crowned with the moon, a
queen in queenly array,
Night comes, and bears in her hands
dreams and a gift of rest
And peace from fears that pursue, from
secret hopes that delay;
But above the veil of the deep is rent
and riven away,
And the house of the stars is seen, and
the ways of the singing spheres
That sing in the height of heaven, in
the light of eternal day,
Unchanged of rising and setting, of
fretting and change of the years.

W. P. R. Kerr.

The Academy.

BY THE ROMAN ROAD.

The wind it sang in the pine-tops, it
sang like a humming harp;
The smell of the sun on the bracken
was wonderful sweet and sharp,
As sharp as the piney needles, as sweet
as the gods were good,
For the wind it sung of the old gods,
as I came through the wood!
It sung how long ago the Romans
made a road,
And the gods came up from Italy and
found them an abode.

It sang of the wayside altars (the pine-
tops sighed like the surf),
Of little shrines uplifted, of stone and
scented turf,
Of youths divine and immortal, of
maids as white as the snow
That glimmered among the thickets a
mort of years ago!
All in the cool of dawn, all in the twi-
light gray,
The gods came up from Italy along
the Roman way!

The altar smoke it has drifted and
faded afar on the hill;
No wood-nymphs haunt the hollows;
the reedy pipes are still;
No more the youth Apollo shall walk
in his sunshine clear;
No more the maid Diana shall follow
the fallow-deer
(The woodmen grew so wise, the wood-
men grew so old,
The gods went back to Italy—or so the
story's told!).

But the woods are full of voices and of
shy and secret things—
The badger down by the brook-side,
the flick of a woodcock's wings,
The plump of a falling fir-cone, the pop
of the sun-ripe pods,
And the wind that sings in the pine-
tops the song of the ancient gods—
The song of the wind that says the Ro-
mans made a road,
And the gods came up from Italy and
found them an abode!

Punch.

REMINISCENCES OF THE LATE EMPEROR OF JAPAN.

The Emperor Mutsu Hito, who died on the 30th of July last, was the 121st sovereign of Japan in a direct line from the Emperor Jimmu who founded the Empire in the year 660 B.C. It was not till a thousand years later that the annals of Japan began to be worthy of the name of history, but from the time they did so the same family has reigned in unbroken succession, and it is therefore, beyond all cavil, the oldest reigning family in the world. The late Emperor was the only son of the Emperor Komei, who died on the 3d of February, 1867, after a reign of twenty years. He was born at Kioto on the 3d of November, 1852, nominated Prince Imperial eight years later, and in the fifteenth year of his age succeeded his father on the throne. His reign extended over forty-five years, and the changes which it witnessed in the country he governed may, both in their rapidity and vitality, be said to be unique in the history of the world.

At his accession Japan was in the throes of a revolution—a revolution which is often described in Europe as bloodless, but which was so far from being so that it was only finally accomplished after nearly ten years of bitter civil war; one incident in which was a fiercely-fought battle at the palace gates, when the late Emperor within them was a child of twelve years. The national civilization, high and cultured as it was, was still that of the Middle Ages. The people were ignorant of all the elements of modern European science. The peasants, artisans, and traders were practically serfs, rigorously excluded from all share in political administration, and mere hewers of wood and drawers of water for a privileged aristocratic class, numbering one-fifteenth of the whole population, whose members

lived in ease and luxury on the means that were wrung from the tolling masses. All, both aristocrats and plebeians, were bound with fetters of an iron system of feudalism, the aggregate burthens of which, though they never included wardship, marriage, or seigniorial rights, were no less onerous than those of our own ancestors under the Plantagenets. There was neither peace nor good order in society. There were no uniform systems of law or currency. There was neither a national army nor a navy. There was no imperial revenue. After three centuries of rigid isolation treaty relations had just been cemented with some of the Great Powers of the world, but the ministers of the Government were wholly ignorant of the principles of international law or comity. A large and influential section of the dominant class was bitterly opposed to foreign intercourse of any kind, and was clamoring for the annulment of the treaties and the forcible expulsion of the Europeans who, under these treaties, had already taken up their residence in Japan. The flames of civil war were still burning, and the hereditary antagonisms of the great nobles and their followers rendered any common action for the national welfare impossible. Bankrupt in finance, impotent for defence, equally destitute of any consciousness of political rights and of all capacity for industrial organization, disunited, saturated with the most narrow conservatism and the arrogant pride that springs from it, ignorant of all the achievements of modern science, no nation seemed to have a more unpromising future than did the ancient Empire of Japan when the Emperor, who has just died, came to the throne. We need not describe Japan as it is now. The change which took place in

the brief space of one reign, from a negligible Asiatic principality into a Great Power of the world, might be compared to the transformation of England during the Wars of the Roses into the United Kingdom of the present day.

The Revolution, which was the herald of this change, is more correctly described as the Restoration than by the term which is usually applied to it, as its culmination was a reversion to an old order of affairs, which had been in abeyance for centuries, rather than the establishment of an entirely new system. The Shogunate in Japan was founded at the close of the twelfth century. Prior to it the political constitution was a pure monarchy, of which the Emperor was the executive head. In the twelfth century the first Shogun, Yoritomo, succeeded in establishing a military dictatorship, and, though it was an inherent principle of the constitution that all the land in the Empire was the property of the Emperor, Yoritomo used his power to distribute it among his own followers on the basis of a feudal tenure, the feudatories who were thus created looking on the Shogun as their suzerain rather than on the sovereign who was their legitimate lord. The system thus originated was, four hundred years later, perfected, from the point of view of the interests of the usurpers, by Iyeyasu, the founder of the Tokugawa dynasty of the Shoguns, and the Shogunate continued to be vested in his descendants until the year 1868. All the land in Japan was parcelled among feudal chiefs (Daimio), who rendered either a willing or compulsory fealty to the Shogun, but exercised an almost sovereign autonomy in their own fiefs, and could all command the unquestioning devotion of an army of retainers (Samurai), more or less numerous according to their wealth, a devotion which in its obligations far exceeded

that of the clansmen of the Highlands of Scotland to their chiefs.

There were in all 292 of these feudatories, eighteen of whom were of the first rank, holding fiefs each of which covered an entire province. So well had the system been organized by Iyeyasu, so complete were the safeguards which he devised to secure the fealty or subservience of the feudatories to his own family, that throughout its duration, extending over 260 years, the Empire enjoyed profound peace, and the overlordship of the Tokugawas was unquestioned. They held in their hands the whole power of the Empire to a greater extent than did the Mayors of the Palace under the later Meroving Kings of France; while the true and legitimate ruler, the Emperor, was cloistered in his palace at Kioto, his name and dignity still revered and worshipped by all his people, himself still recognized as the theoretical fount of all honor and legal authority, but a mere fiction as far as regarded the exercises of any administrative functions within his own dominions.

Throughout the first half of the nineteenth century many of the great feudatories were fretting against the intolerable burdens imposed on them by the Shogun, and the Emperor Komei was no willing *fainéant*. But nothing could be done. No Daimio could venture to oppose the Shogun single-handed. No combination was possible, either among the Daimio themselves or between the Daimio and the Imperial Court, for one of Iyeyasu's injunctions was that no Daimio should visit Kioto or address the Emperor, save through the Shogun, and the Daimio were divided among themselves by hereditary clan-antagonisms. When, however, foreigners appeared on the shores of Japan and demanded the right of entry, the whole position of affairs at once changed. The Shogun, all-powerful over his own countrymen,

was helpless against the modern guns and ships of the foreigners. He had to yield to their demands, to render himself by doing so still more odious in the eyes of both the rigidly conservative Court and the equally conservative feudatories, and to be branded by both as a traitor to the divine traditions of his country. The party cry of "Sonno Jōi"—honor the Emperor and expel the foreigner—was raised throughout the land, and with that watchword civil war broke out. The Shogun was conquered, and his authority came to an end.

The fall of the Shogunate involved as an inevitable corollary the end of the feudal system. It was from the Shogun, as their feudal superior, that the feudatories held their fiefs; their overlord was gone, and with him had vanished their legal rights. Four of the greatest among those of the first rank, Satsuma, Chōshū, Tosa, and Bizen, took the lead, and recognizing not only that the titles to their lands had gone, but that while Japan continued to be divided into a number of independent fiefs, as it had been, no central government could be formed strong enough either to insure its own stability or the national safety from foreign aggression, surrendered their fiefs to the Emperor, and where these four led all others had perforce to follow. This occurred in March 1869, but it was not till two years later that the surrender was made complete. The continued administration of the old fiefs was at first left in the hands of the former feudatories, where they acted as governors in the name of the Emperor; no longer arbitrary and irresponsible rulers, but servants of the State, bound by the laws and instructions which emanated from the Emperor, and administering their revenues and governments in his name. This was the furthest reform on which the new Government could venture while still

in its infancy, but while this reform nominally abolished feudalism it left some of its evils intact, and all local power and influence continued to be vested in the hands by which they had been independently exercised for nearly three centuries.

A further step was necessary to ensure the entire abolition of the time-honored local autonomy and the effectual consolidation of the governing power in the hands of one central authority, and in 1871, when the new Government was firmly established, this step was taken. On the 29th of August 1871 an Imperial decree was issued, under which the ex-feudatories were removed from their posts as governors and ordered henceforth to take up their residences in the capital, their fiefs absorbed into the provinces in which they lay and their entire administration vested in officials, with no local ties, appointed by the central Government. All their domains thus once more became, as they had been prior to the first Shogunate, the actual and unquestioned property of the Emperor; all their revenues were paid direct into his treasury, and the ex-feudatories were reduced to the position of private gentlemen, retaining some portion of their former wealth, but bereft of their armies of devoted retainers and of their governing power. With this step the revolution was completed. The Emperor was restored to the position of his remote ancestors, sovereign lord of all his people, whose loyalty and fidelity became due to him alone, and the real as well as the nominal source of all law.

At a time when it is possible that the nationalisation of the land and the single tax may become a question of practical politics in the United Kingdom, this momentous step which was taken by the Government of Japan might well be studied with some interest. Opponents of these measures in

Great Britain claim that nothing definite can be estimated of their results, because no nation has ever tried them, but in Japan, the land which was for centuries, as it is now in England, in the possession of private owners, was successfully nationalized without crying injustice, and until the great increase of national expenditure which followed the China war of 1894, the national revenue was mainly derived from the tax on land.

Before his accession the Emperor had never stirred beyond the walls of his father's palace, and within it he had been subject to the conservative influences of his father and the majority of his courtiers. The expulsion of "the ugly barbarians" from the sacred shores of Japan was one of the most cherished of their principles, and it might have sunk deeply into the heart of the young Prince while still under his haughty and unbending father's influence. But all the courtiers were fortunately not entirely blind to the times. There were some who saw that the hope of Japan maintaining her old seclusion was gone for ever, and among these was the court noble (Kuge) Iwakura, who acted as the youth's tutor, and who subsequently became his second minister of State. By him the youthful Emperor was induced to assent to the more liberal ideas which began to find strong advocates in the nation, and when the Government, which had come into power with the avowed object of expelling the foreigners, had gained its first firm foothold, its former platform was at once unreservedly disclaimed. An Imperial decree, under the Emperor's sign-manual, appeared, which proclaimed that "the policy of seclusion was abandoned, and that henceforth international intercourse, upon the basis of international rules, should be opened." Wonder quickly followed on wonder. The Daimio, who had freely

spent their treasure, and the Samurai, who had poured out their blood like water to efface the stain of barbarian presence from their beloved country, had scarcely time to realize the full significance of this decree, when it was further announced that the new Emperor, the direct descendant of the Gods of Heaven who had created Japan and all the world, himself a demi-god, unapproachable, sacred from the eyes even of his own courtiers, was about to admit the diplomatic representatives of the Treaty Powers into his presence with no intervening screen to guard his sacred person from the profanation of their gaze; to receive them, not humbly on their knees with foreheads touching the ground, as even the great Lord, the Shogun, with all his might and semi-majesty, had been wont to approach him on the rare occasions on which he was admitted into his presence, but standing erect with eyes fearlessly turned upon him.

The audience took place on the 26th of March, 1868. Kioto had been visited by Europeans before. Xavier and many of his followers had even openly preached there in the sixteenth century, and the Dutch traders of Desima had frequently passed through it while on their annual missions to the Shogun's court at Yedo; but the missionaries' visits took place before the days of enforced isolation, when Japan was not only willing but eager to cultivate foreign intercourse, while the Dutch passed through the city closely guarded, almost as prisoners. Now the foreigners came in triumphant show. Sir Harry Parkes, the British Minister, was escorted by the mounted guard of his own Legation—all ex-London policemen, but drilled as cavalry, and gay with lances and bright pennons and uniforms that resembled those of the Carabineers—and by a large detachment of the 9th Regiment of the line (now the Norfolks), which was then in

the garrison that was maintained by Great Britain at Yokohama. The fact that no less than three medical officers accompanied the procession proved that it was not organized entirely for display, and the services of the medical officers were soon required. Long before the procession reached the palace it was suddenly attacked by a band of fanatics, maddened at seeing the sacred city desecrated, two of whom ran down the whole line, slashing with their terrible swords at every member of the *cortège* that was within their reach; and in a time so short that it might be measured by seconds ten men were severely wounded before the assailants were killed or arrested, one of them just as he had reached striking distance of the Minister. The incident was not without good results. It gave the young Emperor the opportunity of personally expressing his regret at its occurrence which, boy as he was, for the first time facing the strangers from beyond the seas and with a mind perhaps full of curiosity, he did with calmness and intelligence; and also of publicly proclaiming to all his subjects his disapproval of such acts. Before this, many unoffending Europeans had been brutally murdered by patriots, who thought that in cutting down a foreigner they were serving their Gods, their Emperor, and their country. It is one of the many object-lessons that have been afforded of the whole-hearted obedience which all Japanese render to the expressed will of their Emperor that, from that day, such outrages entirely ceased. A few more Europeans were, it is true, destined to die by the hands of Japanese murderers, but in no subsequent case were the latter actuated solely by the political or religious motives in which their predecessors had gloried.

The foreign policy of the young Emperor had now been clearly indicated. His domestic policy remained

to be declared, and the first step was to show that, not only as towards foreigners, but towards the nation, there was in future to be a complete change in the court life. The Emperor had already seen the Foreign Ministers. He was now for the first time to see his own people, and what lay beyond his palace walls. He proceeded to Osaka from Kioto, and there from the shore reviewed the beginning of the Japanese fleet. It was a very humble beginning, and gave little promise of a great naval future. There were but six ships, all converted merchant steamers, not one of which exceeded 1000 tons or 300 horse-power, and not a single one was owned by the Imperial Government, all being the property of one or other of the still unmediatized feudatories. He saw the sea for the first time, the green fields, in which the peasants labored, at the season of the year in which in Japan all nature assumes its fairest and brightest aspect, and the thronged streets of a great commercial city. Then the more serious aspect of his domestic politics was faced.

All the feudatories were summoned to Kioto, and in their presence, and in that of all the Kuge, assembled in solemn conclave in the Palace—the death scene, as it may be termed, of Old Japan—the Emperor took what is called the Charter Oath of Five Articles:

1. The practice of discussion and debate shall be universally adopted and all measures shall be decided by public opinion.

2. High and low shall be of one mind, and social order shall thereby be perfectly maintained.

3. The civil and military powers shall be concentrated in a single whole; the rights of all classes shall be assured and the national mind completely satisfied.

4. The uncivilized customs of antiquity shall be broken through and the great principles of impartiality and justice, coexisting with Heaven and

Earth, shall be taken as the basis of action.

5. Intellect and learning shall be sought for throughout the world in order to establish firmly the foundations of the Empire.

The programme thus outlined was an ambitious one: to unite by progressive reforms the people hitherto rigidly divided by caste and by local antagonisms into one harmonious whole; to emancipate the mass from political serfdom and equip them with fully-developed ideas which would enable them to take an active share in public and political life; to impose on the aristocrats, who had hitherto consumed in idleness one-third of the wealth of the nation, the obligation of working for themselves and their country; to acquire a complete knowledge of all the science of the West; and to render the Empire the equal in strength and civilization of the most advanced Power of the world.

For over eleven centuries Kioto had been the capital. There all the Emperors had permanently resided, never stirring beyond its limits, and in its sacred grounds they were buried. It had, however, throughout the greater part of this period, been entirely dissociated from Government administration, and during the last three centuries the people had learned to look upon Yedo, the capital of the Shoguns, which far exceeded the more ancient and venerated city both in wealth and population, as the sole seat of executive authority. It was decided that it should be made the seat of the new Government—that its name should be changed to Tokio (Eastern capital) so that it should harmonize with that of Kioto, which was usually spoken of as Saikio (Western capital);—and on the 29th of October, 1868, the Emperor started for his new capital. His journey—little over 300 miles—occupied twenty-eight days, though it was made

with less pomp than had attended his previous visit to Osaka. Then his train was said to number fully 10,000 courtiers and guards. Less than one-fifth of this number now attended him. As the procession passed through the town of Kanagawa it was witnessed by many of the European residents of Yokohama. They had been previously warned that they were not to compliment the Emperor with cheers, and the most impressive element in the eyes of Europeans of the reception of their sovereign by his people was the profound silence which characterized it. As the procession approached, all the Japanese, who lined the road in deep serried ranks, fell on their knees; and when, at last, the sacred and gorgeous Hooren—the phoenix Imperial car—appeared, and was closely followed by the norimono (palanquin) of plain white wood, decorated only with a golden chrysanthemum on a black lacquered roof, in which the Emperor rode, all heads were bent to the ground. "All seemed to hold their breath for very awe as the mysterious Presence, on whom few are privileged to look and live, was passing slowly by." The profound silence was only broken by the triple clapping of the palms of the hands with which all prayers are prefaced, and by which all the reverence that was due to the Heavenly Gods was rendered to the Emperor, the vicergerent of the Gods on earth. As on his visit to Osaka the Emperor was still hidden behind bamboo blinds, from within which he could see without being seen, and lines of courtiers, all clad in the stately robes of Old Japan, walked with slow and solemn step on both sides of his palanquin. It was yet too early, the transition would have been too abrupt, to expose to the popular gaze the sacred being who had previously ever been shrouded in divine obscurity from every human eye. Within less than three years from that

day the writer repeatedly saw him driving through the streets of Tokio in an open European carriage, escorted only by a score of Lancers in European uniforms, and on all these occasions the people were ordered beforehand not to let the Emperor's passing interfere with their daily avocations, and the prostrations had then become things of the past.

Twenty-five years afterwards, he made another formal entry into Tokio. It was on the conclusion of the China War. He came by rail, and outside the station and all along the streets to the palace the people were gathered in dense closely-packed masses to bid him welcome. When he appeared, all at first preserved the reverential silence that was the old usage. But it was only for a few moments. Customs had still further changed, and the silence was quickly broken by a roar of loud and fervent cheers, "Tenno Heika Banzai!"—"Long live His Majesty the Emperor!"—which continued throughout the entire route to the palace, while hands, no longer joined in prayer, waved hats and handkerchiefs with all the demonstrative enthusiasm of a London crowd.

His first stay in Tokio was short, but it was marked by another reception of the Foreign Diplomats, and by his first embarkation on the sea. At Osaka he reviewed the fleet from the shore. Now he embarked on board one of his ships and cruised round the Gulf of Tokio, a step which involved not only another innovation of all precedent, but a shock to native superstition. No fears of its possible results were realized, and it was known thenceforth that the Emperor would in future visit all his dominions, and use either land or sea for his progresses. On the 20th of January he started on his return to Kioto. The object of the return was two-fold: first to celebrate the third anniversary according to

Japanese reckoning of his father's death—a solemn obligation on Japanese sons of all classes in life; and secondly, when the first period of deep mourning was over, his own marriage. The lady chosen to share his throne was Haruko, the third daughter of the head of the Ichijo branch of the Fujiwara family, one of the five branches into which this illustrious family was divided in the thirteenth century, the family from which Imperial consorts, when not themselves of direct Imperial lineage, had invariably been chosen throughout all history. The marriage was celebrated in the Palace on the 9th of March 1869, and though the Empress has not become the mother of any of the Emperor's surviving children, it has been fortunate in all other respects.

It may here be explained that, while in Japan there has always been one Empress (Kogo), the transcendent importance of preserving the direct Imperial line unbroken has imposed on the Emperor the duty of taking alsomorganatic wives (Jugo), whose sons succeeded to the throne in default of male issue by the Empress. Their number was originally limited to twelve, but in the later reigns of the dynasty this number was seldom approached. In the case of the late Emperor the number was four, and as the new constitution provides for the succession from collateral branches of the Imperial family in default of male issue in the direct line, the practice is now at an end, and in the reign which has just begun the legitimate Empress will be the only lady to share her husband's couch. The last statement may provoke a smile on the part of those who, in ignorance of the rigid limitations of the Japanese Court, may estimate its morality on the basis of that which, it cannot be denied, prevails among the majority of Japanese men, from whom conjugal fidelity is not ex-

pected either by their wives or by society. But it may be taken as the fact. No Japanese Emperor has ever been permitted to roam at freedom among the ladies of his Court in the fashion of our own Stuart or early Hanoverian sovereigns. The Jugo were chosen from among ladies of families little, if at all, inferior in rank and lineage to the Empress herself, and in making the choice the considerations that were kept in view were mainly physical, sound family records and sound constitutions in the ladies themselves. They were not intended to be mistresses to passion but to be the bearers of healthy children. They lived and occupied a definite and recognized position at Court, and though in the last reign they never appeared at public functions, homage was paid them down to the Restoration, even by the Shogun, only second to that which was rendered to the Empress. They were always ladies as honored in their lives as they were honorable in their lineage, and their children by a legal fiction became at once the children of the Empress. Both the late and the present Emperors were the sons of Jugo. The mother of the first was the Lady Nakayama, and of the second the Lady Yanagiwara, both daughters of cadet branches of the Fujiwara family, tracing their descent direct from the same remote ancestor as did the Empress.

The Emperor returned to Tokio in May, 1869, and six months later was followed by the Empress, and Tokio was thenceforward the permanent home of both. The Emperor in subsequent years made frequent Imperial progresses throughout his dominions, and during nearly the whole of the China War he resided at Hiroshima, presiding there in person over the headquarters of the general staff. But except when duty called him he never showed the least desire to absent him-

self from his capital, and neither the extreme heat of summer nor the piercing cold of winter, to both of which Tokio is eminently liable, tempted him to seek the climatic relief either in the cool hill resorts or in the sunny spas, mild and genial in the severest winters, which are so abundant in Japan. A palace of Imperial splendor, rich in all the best products of Japanese art, was constructed for him within the massive walls and deep moats of the Shogun's castle. From it he witnessed and directed all the progress of his people, and Kioto, the home of his ancestors and of his boyhood, in which his own remains are now to find their last resting place, only knew him as an occasional visitor.

We shall only refer to one other incident of his early days. The late Duke of Edinburgh was then on his second voyage round the world in H. M. S. *Galatea*, one of the smartest of the wooden frigates that then still lingered in the British Navy. The Government were informed that he would visit Japan in the course of his voyage, and a distracting question arose. It might seem that as the Emperor had already received the Diplomatic Representatives in audience, there could be no hesitation in his also receiving the son of the Queen of England, whose minister was the doyen of the diplomatic corps and immeasurably above all his colleagues in character and influence, who among them had been the first to recognize the true position of the Emperor, and had alone among them all from the first given his unwavering moral support to the movement which led to the restoration of the Imperial dignity. But it was not so. The Duke of Edinburgh would have to be received as an equal, and any overt admission of equal rank between a foreign prince and the Heaven-descended Emperor would be another shock to the sentiments of the

large and still influential conservative section of the nation as one more sacrilegious violation of old ideas and usages. No foreign prince had visited Japan for over a thousand years, but the annals recorded that at a much earlier date Korean princes had been received by Japanese Emperors, when in the full exercise of their administrative powers. Fortified by this precedent, the young Emperor was able to proclaim to his subjects that "the Royal Prince of England would be received according to the custom observed between friendly countries."

Once the decision had been taken it was carried out with the refined and tactful hospitality that had since on many occasions so eminently characterized the Imperial Court in the reception of Royal visitors from Europe. All that concerned the European life and etiquette was then new to it, and in none of the palaces at the disposal of the Emperor were there any of the requisites of European comfort. The Hama Go Ten, the palace by the shore, a picturesque summer resort of the Shogun in the days of his power, was, however, fitted at no small expense with furniture procured from Hong Kong, and placed at the Duke's disposal for himself and his staff. The *Galatea* arrived in Yokohama on the morning of the 31st of August, 1869, and on the following day the Duke proceeded to the capital, where he was welcomed in the Emperor's name by the Prince, who was afterwards well-known in England as Prince Kraustus. The roads had been cleared and repaired for his progress; the upper windows of the houses along them closed, so that none could look down on him, as though the Emperor himself was passing; and prayers for his safety were offered to the God Kanjin, the god beneath whose protection foreign visitors had come to Japan from China and Korea in ancient days.

The visit was in every way successful. All the sights of the capital were thrown open to the Duke; the best swordsmen, wrestlers, jugglers, and actors of Japan displayed their various accomplishments before him. He was received and welcomed by the Emperor in his palace, both at a formal audience and at a subsequent more intimate interview, in which the Emperor seated, with the Duke seated beside him expressed to his visitor the happiness he had in thinking that "his auspicious visit would have the best effect in cementing the friendly relations already existing between the two countries." At the interview, Sir Harry Parkes, Admiral Sir Henry Keppel, then in command of the fleet on the China station, and Lord Redesdale, then Mr. Mitford, Secretary of the Legation, were present; and on all, the tact and readiness of the young Sovereign in the long conversation that took place on an occasion which was wholly new to him, in which impromptu replies were occasionally required, left the impression of a high degree of intelligence and character, that augured well for the Emperor's own share in his administration as he grew in manhood. In after years he received many members of the greatest royal and imperial families of Europe, but one peculiar incident of his first reception may be noted. Lord Redesdale acted as interpreter between the Emperor and the Duke of Edinburgh. On all others, an official of the Japanese Court performed that duty, and this was, the present writer believes, the one and only occasion on which a European ever directly addressed the late Emperor in his own language. No exception was made even when Sir Ernest Satow, who spoke Japanese with the refined scholarship of the most accomplished of the Emperor's own courtiers, became the British Minister, though the Empress was not in-

variably bound by the same rigid practice. The writer can recall one New Year's reception when, standing at her Imperial husband's side, she did not follow his example, but broke into a long conversation with Sir Ernest Satow, throughout which she entirely discarded the services of the lady of the Court who acted as her interpreter.

At the reception which has been mentioned as having taken place during the Emperor's first brief stay in his new capital, his speech to the Diplomatic Representatives was read by a Court official while he maintained complete silence and remained seated on his throne, "a languid-looking boy, swathed in masses of crape and silk, whose stiff folds and angles refused to acknowledge the most shadowy presence of animation." The princes and nobles who stood beside him also carried out "the same principles of stolid immobility even as far as the long wings of their head-dresses." It was in these terms that the audience was described by a contemporaneous writer. They do not harmonize with the descriptions we have given of the first audience at Kioto, or of that of the Duke of Edinburgh, which are founded, in regard to the first, on the writer's memory of what he over and over again heard from Sir Harry Parkes, and in regard to the second, on his own knowledge of the time. That the Emperor was no languid boy, destitute of all animation, was shown by an incident which occurred very soon after the Duke of Edinburgh had sailed from Yokohama.

The writer, in attendance on Sir Harry Parkes, happened to pass along the sea-front of Hama Go Ten, within a very few yards of its walls, in the steam cutter of H. M. S. *Ocean*, Sir Henry Keppel's flagship. Steam cutters were not so common in those days as now, and even among our own ships on the China station it was only the

flagship that was provided with one. To the Japanese they were entire novelties. As the cutter approached the walls a crowd of young courtiers in their own distinctive dress was seen from it to be seated in Japanese fashion in an open pavilion in the gardens that overlooked the sea. The moment they discerned the cutter one and all of them arose, and apparently with one accord, like a pack of merry school-boys, rushed to the wall, and there gazed on the cutter and chatted with keen interest as she passed rapidly by. Among them Sir Harry Parkes had no difficulty in recognizing the Emperor clearly and distinctly. Perhaps it was curiosity to see how Europeans lived that induced him to visit "the palace by the shore" after the departure of the Royal visitor for whose reception it had been prepared; but whatever the reason, he was there, and evidently enjoying a happy day in the society of his own compeers in age as might any youth sound in both mind and body. The incident, interesting as it was, may seem trivial. It made a considerable impression on Sir Harry Parkes at the time, as evidence not only of the young Emperor's keen animation, but of the relaxation that was taking place in the customs and rules which had hitherto fettered the inner life of the Court, and had rendered the Sovereign unapproachable even by his own most intimate courtiers.

The term Meiji, "Enlightened Government," was adopted in 1868 as the Nengo, the chronological title of the Emperor's reign. At the close of 1869 the dawn of Meiji was over, and the full daylight of its later years of uninterrupted progress and reform had begun. There was peace throughout the land, the rejuvenescent Empire had fairly started on its great career. There were still domestic difficulties to be overcome. Sporadic risings occurred in different parts of the Em-

peror's dominions, and last and most cruel of all, the great fief of Satsuma, which had taken the lead in placing him on his throne, broke out in a rebellion which was only crushed at an immense expense of life and treasure after a hardly fought war that continued through eight months. Several of his most trusted and capable ministers fell at the hands of assassins who still clung to the memories of days that were dead and gone and could not be recalled. But the goal that was indicated in the Charter Oath was ever kept steadily in view, and served, as few kings have been in the world's history, with unflinching courage, patriotic unselfishness, stern determination, and brilliant capacity, the goal was finally reached when he was the Sovereign of a great constitutional Empire, so powerful that its alliance was eagerly welcomed by the great Power of the West which had done much to aid Japan's onward progress both by her example and by the services of her sons.

Of the band of ministers who stood around the Emperor in his youth, the names of at least fifty of whom will be recorded in history, only five survive him; Princes Yamagata and Oyama, the field-marshal of the Empire, who organized and led its armies to victory; Marquis Matsugata, who equally organized its shattered finances and evolved national solvency out of chaotic bankruptcy; Marquis Inouye, who, through long and trying periods, administered its foreign policy with the skill of a diplomatist who had been born, not made; and Count Okuma, the pioneer of Parliaments. It was not only the well-tried ministers whose loss the late Emperor had to lament in his lifetime. Two of his near relatives, princes of his own blood and of his intimate confidence and affection, sacrificed their lives during the China War, as undoubtedly as did any sold-

ier on the field of battle; and of fifteen children of whom he was the father no less than eleven died either in infancy or in early childhood. If he knew triumph and glory such as have fallen to the lot of few earthly sovereigns, he knew also human sorrow in some of its saddest forms. This may have been the source of one trait in his demeanor. The present writer saw him, throughout more than thirty years, on as many and varied occasions as it was possible for any foreigner, having the entrée to the Court, to see the sovereign of the country in which he lived—never once did he see his face enlightened by a smile.

The character of the Emperor can be best judged by his life and acts. No foreigner could describe it from intimate knowledge, and no Japanese could criticize it. But his acts show that he was gentle and compassionate, full of tender mercy, which was always exercised in favor of the rebel, the distressed, the poor, even of the criminal. In his youth he signaled the arrival of his Empress in Tokio by granting, not only full pardon, but a return of some of their confiscated wealth, to the nobles and their retainers who had fought against his soldiers to the last in their wild effort to restore the fortunes of the fallen Shogun, whom the nation had, in accordance with traditional usage, condemned to death. He was rewarded by afterwards finding in them some of his most capable civil and military servants. Saigo, the great general who had vanquished these very nobles and retainers, was afterwards the leader of the Satsuma rebellion. He paid for what he did with his life, but after his death his name was honored in his gazetted restoration by the Emperor's own orders to his former rank in the Imperial Army. Some remission of the sentences of criminals was an invariable item in every great national celebration, and

there was no calamity of earthquake, fire, flood or pestilence, from all of which Japan has suffered in no common degree, in which the Emperor's private purse was not freely and liberally opened for the relief of the consequent distress. His wounded soldiers knew what it was to be cheered by his presence at their bedsides, and they knew also how unremitting was his own personal supervision of the provision that was made for their comfort in the field, how often his thoughts followed them throughout their campaigns. All he did harmonized with his name Mutsu Hito, the literal translation of which is "Gentle Pity."

He possessed what is perhaps the most valuable attribute in a sovereign, the capacity to judge men, to select the best among them as his advisers, and having made his choice, to give them his complete confidence and to support them with unwavering loyalty. The words in which his ministers and generals throughout all his reign invariably attributed their great successes in civil reform and in war entirely to the virtues of their sovereign were therefore no empty formality, but a well-deserved tribute to the judgment which, uninfluenced by personal favor or by the claims of rank or lineage, had afforded them the opportunity of serving him.

His own industry in all the affairs of State was unflagging. No important council was held at which he did not preside in person, and the reports of all the departments and of the proceedings in his parliament were read by himself. At a very early date, when his Cabinet was irreconcilably divided on the question of war against Korea, he showed his judgment and strength of will by declaring in favor of peace and curbing the ardent spirits who were clamoring to avenge the insults which they thought had been offered to them by their historic foes. At a still

earlier date his courage and coolness in the face of danger were tested and proved. He paid his first visit of inspection to his great dockyard at Yokosuka, the Chatham of Japan, on New Year's Day, 1872. During the visit a casting which was being made of the characters *Banzai*—Long live the Emperor—in huge dimensions, miscarried. There was a sudden explosion and in a moment a shower of molten fragments of the red-hot steel was pouring on all around. A brief panic ensued, in which the writer and a gallant captain of the Royal Marine Artillery, an expert in practical engineering, who was standing beside him, shared along with the other Europeans present; but the Emperor never stirred from his chair, only a few yards from the casting, and betrayed not a trace either in face or attitude of being disturbed by the accident or the grave risk to which he had been subjected, from which he was only protected by a Japanese umbrella held over him by one of his own courtiers.

He had two favorite amusements—horse-riding and the composition of poetry. For a description of his talent and work as a poet we may refer our readers to a previous issue of this Review.¹ As to his horsemanship, he rode both well and boldly. Many years ago in the mid-seventies he was present throughout the whole of what, to the best of the writer's memory, were the earliest manoeuvres on a large scale of the newly-organized army. They were held on plains about forty miles to the north of Tokio, and on the last day heavy rain came on during the final parade. When all the troops had passed the saluting post the word was given to dispense with further formality, and the Emperor, his attendant courtiers, the military staff (including many French cavalry officers), and the

¹ April 1905. "The Heart of the Mikado," by Baron Suyematsu.

invited guests from the foreign legations, all started at full gallop for their field quarters. The ride was over fully five miles of rough ground, and throughout it the Emperor led the way without once drawing rein. He had his own riding course within the palace grounds on which he took daily exercise, and his interest in horses was further testified by his frequent presence at the race meeting held twice each year by the English residents of Yokohama, on which occasions the cup invariably presented by him was the coveted prize of the principal race. At one meeting this prize was won by a horse belonging to Sir Maurice de Bunsen, who is now H. M. Ambassador at Madrid, but was then Secretary of Legation in Japan. A few months later, at one of the usual palace functions, the Emperor inquired with so much interest as to the welfare of "Tempest," mentioning the winning horse by name, that its owner thought, for a moment, His Majesty was about to express a wish to add the horse to the Imperial stables. His fears were quite unfounded. He had forgotten one of the most marked principles in the code of Japanese morality common to the Emperor and all his subjects, the principle that forbids them to deprive another of any possession parting with which would cause sorrow or regret to its owner. The Emperor had only given another illustration of his love of horses and of his interest in all that related to them.

In his domestic life he gave to his subjects examples of frugality and self-denial that almost amounted to austerity. He had a civil list of over 300,000*l.* per annum, and a further revenue derived from estates of the Crown and from public investments of at least double this amount; but while he occupied a splendid palace in which hospitality was dispensed, when the occa-

sion for it arose, on a scale of Imperial lavishment, it may be safely asserted that no Court in the world was characterized by a greater degree of economical management in all its details than was that of Japan. His practical example to his people was all that the most conscientious and devoted Sovereign could give. That his theoretical teaching was not less so, will be seen by the rescript which he issued on the eve of the assembling of his first constitutional parliament, which is now regularly read in all schools of the Empire, and is regarded by Japanese with hardly less reverence than we render to the Ten Commandments:

Our Imperial ancestors have founded our Empire on a basis broad and everlasting, and have deeply and firmly implanted virtue. Our subjects, ever united in loyalty and filial piety, have from generation to generation illustrated the beauty thereof. This is the glory of the fundamental character of our Empire, and herein also lies the source of our education. Ye, our subjects, be filial to your parents, affectionate to your brothers and sisters; as husbands and wives be harmonious, as friends true; bear yourselves in modesty and moderation; extend your benevolence to all; pursue learning and cultivate arts, and thereby develop intellectual faculties and perfect moral powers; furthermore advance public good and promote common interest; always respect the Constitution and observe the laws; should emergency arise, offer yourselves courageously to the State; and thus guard and maintain the prosperity of our Imperial Throne coeval with heaven and earth. So shall ye not only be our good and faithful subjects, but render illustrious the best traditions of your forefathers.

The way here set forth is indeed the teaching bequeathed by our Imperial ancestors, to be observed alike by us and our subjects, infallible for all ages, true in all places. It is our wish to lay it to heart in all reverence, in common with you, our subjects, that we may thus all attain to the same virtue.

Joseph H. Longford.

THE CLASSICAL SPIRIT.

In all the works of man you will find an antagonism between two modes in the treatment of material, whether the art be rhetoric, exposition, sculpture, painting, drama, lyric, or prose fiction. The one we know as the Classical spirit. The other is too general to have a name, but for the purposes of this I will call it by what is properly a narrow title, the Romantic.

The first of these titles, the Classical spirit, is well recognized and capable of clear definition. The second, or "Romantic," is less clearly recognized, less universally known by one name, and is in particular difficult to define to-day because we are still living in its atmosphere. Most modern work, particularly in England, is still of the Romantic type.

The Classical spirit controlled Europe with great strength from the middle of the seventeenth century and to the close of the eighteenth in England. Dryden belongs to it. Its great exemplar in set verse is Pope, in prose Swift. Hundreds of other names, from the greatest to the least, distinguished English literature during the last great Classical phase. Then comes a revolution. With the end of the eighteenth century, the movement of that time, the Romantic revolt, is heralded; with the generation born in the Napoleonic wars the Romantic spirit overflowed all the west and marked the flood of a tide at the turn of which perhaps we now stand, but ~~in~~ which we still certainly stand.

It is from this very fact of our steeping in the Romantic that there proceeds the necessity and the importance of our apprehending the Classical spirit. It is easier to grasp an explication of things we roughly know through experience, than to apprehend things forgotten or unexperienced, and

(in times of intellectual decay especially) sermons which tell people what they want to hear and have heard before, books which relate to them, things with which they are already familiar, have a greater vogue than sermons, or books that teach.

But the expected fruit of intellectual work is that we should grow. To acquire new things, to discover, is the objective of such effort; therein must lie the advantage of inquiring to-day (and in England) what the Classical spirit may be.

What do we mean by the Classical spirit?

We all recognize it more or less actively when we see a Classical building, or a good Classical statue, a Classical picture, or hear a Classical piece of music. We recognize it when we find the Classical in literature. Even when it merely strikes us as something dull, lifeless, and formal, something which we could hardly conceive men should ever have felt an interest in, we still recognize it; we know it is there. There is something in common between one of us feels it) between the writing of Racine, of Corneille, and the writing of Sophocles. We may think any one or both of the first immeasurably smaller than the last; even wholly lacking in genius. But the key is the same. There is something in common between all those things and one of the ancient Pagan temples of the Mediterranean, or the best and earliest work of the sixteenth-century Classical renaissance in architecture, or a good Greek statue, or a painting by Claude Lorraine. We feel a common spirit in all these things. What is that spirit?

The young, as a rule, to-day who have suffered modern education are under the impression that it is a mere negative, a lack of emotion: a mere

lack of that stirring, and of that spice which our modern times seem to require in all they do. It is much more than this. I will attempt to describe it.

First note what its exterior phenomena are, what we notice as the effects of the Classical spirit before we have attained its sources.

We recognize at once moderation. The Classical spirit admits, in the full sense of that word, a moderator; that is, an admitted authority and *regimen* of government in artistic effort. It works (secondly) upon a plan set it by some superior; and wherever Classical work is done, one of the first tests applied to it by a man who pretends to know more than its recognition is that he asks whether or no certain *rules* have been observed.

A second phenomenon is that the Classical spirit works, not only to set plan, but (what is not the same thing) according to a *known scale*. It observes not only pattern but a size of pattern. A sonnet to be perfect must be written according to a known scale. It must have fourteen lines. It must be divided into an octave and a sextet. The rhymes, though they are permitted a certain latitude of variation, are not permitted more than that latitude, and the whole combination must be not only united but single.

The Classical spirit, then, admits a moderator, or the *regimen* of authority and government in artistic effort; secondly, it seems to be expecting a set plan, an imaginary to which it must conform and one set before it by its master; thirdly, it works to that plan upon a known scale.

Now we must further note that as the Classical spirit proceeds in its work of artistic creation it does something comparable to the filling up of a framework. When you know that you are going to see a Classical drama, a Greek drama, for instance, or a drama of the

great French tragedians of the seventeenth century, you know *already* the dead envelope whose living content you are about to see. You know that the action will be expressed within strict limits of time and of action, even in certain tones of voice. You even know the types of character that are to be presented to you. That artistic effort, therefore, is a filling in of a known framework. Just as in the comb made by the bees for their eggs and honey, or as in the formation of an accumulator, a framework is filled in with other matter than the framework, filled up in detail with infinitely small particles of other matter, so in Classical work you have your dead framework, the interstices of which the artist fills with life.

What other phenomena attach to the Classical spirit beside these three allied characters?

The Classical spirit also seems to regard all human emotion as no more, even artistically (not only morally), than a means to an end. That end would seem to be the complete, the balanced, and the just sum of all human energy. The Classical spirit will depend for its artistic effect upon horror (though not upon terror), upon pity (though not upon tears), or upon humor (though not upon laughter), upon admiration (though not upon ecstasy)—but it will never play upon one note and end on it. None of these great human emotions will the Classical spirit segregate and treat by itself as an end. The Classical spirit will not say of one of its works, "this work has succeeded, if it has merely succeeded in making you laugh, or in making you frightened, or in putting you into this or that mood." Emotion under that moderator which the Classic accepts is invariably treated as something which is aroused for an ulterior purpose, and that purpose the production, as far as possible, in those who hear it, of a perfect human mood wherein the various emo-

tions of man shall properly blend. By which I do not mean that a Classical work will not be tragic or comic. I do not mean that the Classical spirit will in each of its productions insist equally upon all the emotions, or present them all in that proportion which they should bear in some perfectly sane human being. On the contrary, it would be impossible to have comedy or tragedy or rhetoric or any form of art in which there was not some segregation, some insistence upon a particular tone. My point is that emotion is always kept in harness, is always used, and is not the ultimate object of the Classic artist. It is manifestly no more than the means whereby the artist may in the long run produce a better and more perfect balance in the human character of his audience. Finally, the Classical spirit, in its artistic effort, proceeds from a known reality towards a definable ideal.

The Classical artist takes for granted that his audience admit a number of rules in human society. He takes for granted many data common to himself and his hearers, both with regard to the material in which he works and with regard to the moral standard which he and they are equally supposed to accept. That is what he starts from; and his work openly aims at, is intended if possible to achieve, an ideal which it may miss but which it will be possible to define beforehand. You know what sort of effect Sophocles meant to produce upon you, what effect he desired to have upon your life and character, when he wrote the *Antigone*. And you know what sort of play he was trying to write, what perfect ideal lay before him, when he proceeded to write the *Antigone* as a literary exercise.

Remark that in all Classical work this "taking for granted" between the artist and his public of great, known, common standards, existent realities of

human nature and of human society, and of a standard of ethics and of civic conduct accepted by both is fundamental. When we come to contrast it with the Romantic spirit, and especially with the exaggerations of the Romantic spirit, we shall see of what importance is that thing.

Here then I have noted five things which seem principally to attach to the Classical spirit in all its artistic manifestations: that it accepts a moderator, or the regimen of government in creative art; that it works to a known scale; that it works by filling up an accepted framework; that it regards human emotion as a means towards an end, which end is the proportioned and reasoned sum of all human emotions; and finally, that it proceeds from a known reality towards a definable ideal. Note (in passing), by the way, that in all these things the Classical spirit conforms to the ancient spirit of religion.

But all these are merely examples of the way in which the Classical spirit manifests itself. If we do no more than note those manifestations we cannot pretend to understand the thing itself. We have only seen the outside of it. We have only discovered its effects. We have not sat at the centre and come into touch with the motive, with the soul, which makes the Classical spirit what it is.

What is its goal? To what is its endeavor directed, and what appetite does it satisfy in man? What human need does it propose to serve?

Young people especially, and many who are not young, the majority in modern England, would not only say that they could not answer those questions, but would say that when they came across a piece of Classical work to-day it did not seem to them to have any very precise object, and that frankly they could not conceive what human appetite it was designed to serve.

You look at a great Greek statue like the winged Victory of the Louvre, or at the thirteenth-century statue of St. Louis at Rheims, and if you are afflicted with this modern spirit you will say, "Well, it leaves me cold." You may even go further and say, as some have said—a sort of blasphemy—that these perfect works of art were not intended to subserve a human appetite or to fulfil a human need, but were simply jugglery with certain rules and the attempt to achieve an ideal which, though capable of definition, was so cold as to be remote from humanity—to be almost mathematical in its quality. If you think that, you are in error. Not only are you in error, but you are missing what is, perhaps, after spiritual things, the chief satisfaction of human life. For to understand the Classical spirit and to take pleasure in its manifestations is, on the merely æsthetic side of life, the highest position to which you can attain.

I will attempt to entitle its object, its endeavor, and the human need it attempts to satisfy.

The object of the Classical spirit is plenitude; its endeavor is to complete what each man lacks; and the appetite it professes to satisfy is the human demand for proportion. For proportion is the expression of ultimate reality.

Now that phrase being packed, and the substance of it put into the shortest terms, may sound unintelligible. I will therefore repeat it. The object of the Classical spirit is plenitude, fulness. Its endeavor to complete what is lacking in men, and the appetite it professes to satisfy is the human demand for proportion, which is the expression of ultimate reality. In explanation of that last phrase—proportion is the expression of ultimate reality—another way of saying it is clearer: when things are out of proportion they are out of truth. To tell the truth about a man, to tell the truth about an event,

you must have proportion between all the parts of the man or the event, or you are telling a falsehood; and your falsehood will be greater or less according as your failure in proportion is greater or less. The immediate reward which the Classical spirit offers you is serenity; and the continuance of that reward is repose.

All that phrasing is pretty tough meat; let me put the thing more graphically by contrasting it with something we know (unfortunately for us) a great deal better, something which enlivens us and also disturbs the whole of our Art and the whole of our thought to-day, something which has given us that fever of which we shall either die or recover—the Romantic spirit; entering this warning, that the Romantic spirit is but one name out of very many that might be chosen for this thing.

That Romantic spirit is probably of a lesser, and certainly of a less enduring nature than the Classical spirit.

It is perpetually recurrent in the history of the works of man. It comes in to satisfy a very fierce, but a sporadic and ephemeral craving. It was brought in to satisfy this craving in the last three generations. To what excess in art has it not led us!

The motive of the Romantic spirit is adventure. It is allied in its artistic effort to just that unrest, that desire for new things, which leads men to travel and to explore: to discover. The artistic end at which it aims is the excitement of emotion, or emotions, segregated from the sum of human emotions, and exaggerated therein. Its method involves, and is always composed of, violence. The necessary accompaniment of that spirit is a violation of proportion in some degree; for if it did not violate proportion, Romantic work would not attract us by its one great quality of surprise.

Now that is the type of work in which we all live to-day. That is the

type of work which informs, not only our drama, but our painting and our sculpture and our architecture and our philosophy. "To what extent does this *excite* me?" "With how much *violence* is this or that emotion aroused?" "What sense of adventure, of *novelty*, does this author or this artist give me?" And, incidentally, "How far does he succeed in evading that dull, cloying thing, that proportion, exactitude, and justice which lead, I am told, to serenity in the soul?" Those are the criteria which we have applied to modern work in an increasing degree since the Romantic revival began three generations ago.

I will not deny that this disease, if it is a disease, seems to be a necessarily recurrent thing in the history of human art. I will not deny that this fever, if it is proper to call it a fever, seems to be ineradicable from the history of human effort. I will not deny that the Classical spirit, when it has run through a certain term among men, sometimes of great length—the old Mediterranean Pagan world kept it strongly and heartily for a thousand years—sometimes of very short duration, like the last Parnassian effort, as it is called, in French literature, which lasted for one generation, and covered only a portion of that generation; sometimes for periods like the great Classical period between the middle of the seventeenth and the end of the eighteenth century, which covered the whole of Western Europe—I will not deny, I say, that the Classical spirit, however long it may be kept up, tends at the end, like all other human things, to transform itself through decay. It ends in mere formalism, in dulness, in a loss of creative power altogether.

I will not deny either that that other spirit, with which I am contrasting it to its advantage, and which I will call the Romantic spirit, appears to be a necessary awakening or stirring: a

necessity comparable perhaps to those parasites which prey upon a healthy body, yet without which that healthy body could not survive.

At any rate, we know from the history of art that this Romantic spirit recurs, and satisfies—always for short periods, never for long—a violent craving for novelty, for adventure, for emotion of an exaggerative type. As, for instance, when you see a play of Ibsen's: from what known and accepted standards of morality, data common to the writer, the audience, and the actors, has that play proceeded? From none. It is the boast of such work that it has no common and known reality from which it proceeds.

To what definable ideal does it tend? To none. I will take any one of the plays. Take the *Doll's House*. You have there a play proceeding from no fixed, existent moral reality of the institution of marriage, revered and accepted by the author and his audience; neither that of our laws nor that of any other known laws. It has no definable ideal which Ibsen tries to reach; no balanced perfection of mood into which he desires to lead his public. You have violent emotion, of that there is no doubt; and it proceeds from chaos into the unknown. What you enjoy—if you do enjoy it—what, at any rate, you *feel* is that you have been disturbed. That is what you went to feel because you are modern. That is true of the music you hear when you go to hear Strauss. It is true of the philosophy that you read when you read Nietzsche. It is true of the pictures you look at when you look upon any one of those moderns who increase in their extravagance until you come to the Cubists and Futurists.

The Romantic spirit, with its demand for the exaggeration, for the intensity of some particular emotion—with its revolt against moderation and authority in art—is not regarded by those

who are acquainted with, and who revere, the Classical spirit, as a sign of strength, but as a sign of weakness. They think that people who demand very violent emotions are people who cannot feel emotion as acutely or as delicately as those who are content with less of each of the human emotions, and a better proportion in the sum of all. And they think that these self-suggestive stimuli to emotion, these modern spurs which men put upon themselves to make their own selves go, are not a proof of vigor, but of a decline of vigor; that the exaggerations of color, of violence, of form, of incident, are no proof of vitality, but, upon the contrary, plain evidences that our vitality is flagging, when it needs such recourse before it can be excited to activity.

Conversely, it is not a dull plenitude, nor a mere vacation which the Classical spirit gives. It is an active plenitude, and it is a repose instinct with life; a permanent, lasting, and increasing pleasure; not the repose of fatigue but the repose of satisfaction.

I will conclude by proposing a particular example of this Classical spirit whose objects I have defined, and whose chief mark perhaps is satisfaction.

When we look at a perfect piece of Greek architecture; when we look, not in a reduction, but in its own scale at the front of a Greek temple, we know—or if we do not know at first sight, we know at the fifth, or the sixth, or the tenth, when we are sufficiently familiar with it—that on looking at it there is some completion of ourselves: a repose which is not the repose of fatigue, and a plenitude which is not the plenitude of an appetite cloyed or filled beyond the mark. We get a permanent pleasure and an increasing pleasure by seeing that unchanging thing. Why is it? I will put a very simple test. When we know anything

about a material such as marble or wood, if we have handled it or come across it, we have an instinctive—not an actual, not an engineer's, but a layman's—feeling of what its capacities are. If we see a man put upon two pillars fifty feet apart a long thin lintel of limestone, we are anxious every time we look at it lest the thing should break in the middle. On the other hand, if we see a block of granite the size of a small table set on two thick pillars set close together, we are not anxious lest it should break, but we are annoyed at such a useless expenditure of support. If you will look at the frontal of a Greek temple you will discover that you are exactly satisfied that the props, the perpendicular columns which support the horizontal lintel, are just strong enough and not too strong for the work they have to do; that the horizontal lines are just long enough to give the idea of strength and of solidity, but not so long as to give, even to the eye, an anxiety with regard to such solidity and strength. Here you have a thing which apparently must err either to the one side or the other. A slight exaggeration in distance and you would have the feeling that the material was not quite strong enough. A slight narrowing of the distance and you would have the feeling of wasted and of useless effort. The Greek spirit, with its admirably placid completion, precisely struck that mean which is the basis of the Aristotelian philosophy, the only permanent philosophy of the world. The "mean" does not mean a sort of average between two extremes; it does not mean an average or a compromise. It has a positive value. In the modern slang the mean is "it." When you come upon *that* in a work of art of any kind, you have come as near as it is permitted for human nature to come to the work of the Creator, and to a mirroring of the Divine. To reach, or nearly to reach,

such perfection is the boast of the Classical spirit. We have no examples in modern English verse, beyond perhaps a dozen, of the Classical spirit. We have no example of the Classical drama. North Germany, our late master, lacks it to-day even more conspicuously than ever she did before; but, indeed, all Europe lacks it now.

How, for example, does this spirit manifest itself in the drama? In the first place, in a unity of time and place. That rule has been ridiculed by many who have not comprehended it since the flood, the muddy flood, of Romanticism poured in. Many have so forgotten it that they believe it to be merely pedantic and useless. But it had an excellent reason. Why did you have in Classical drama—why will you have again when the Classical spirit shall revive after some success in the field of war (for ultimately civilization always wins, if at least society is to survive)—why did you have, and why will you have again, unity in the Classical drama? Because there is no other human principle of attempting completion upon the stage. You cannot give a sense of completion to the eye and to the ear of the onlooker within the restricted space of, at most, three hours—which, again, is about the time to which normal human attention can be fixed to such matters—if you introduce divers places and divers times. You create at once in the mind of the onlooker a parallel with ordinary life which is, from its beginning to its end, so far as external emotions and external happenings are concerned, no more than an anarchy, or succession of various sporadically connected experiences. Fix the interests which are to begin the story within a certain atmosphere and in a certain place. Let that be once changed, let there be only two scenes—I am not saying such changes are not legitimate; I am saying they are not Classical — let them

be but once changed and the mind inevitably is struck by the analogy with ordinary life, and cannot help having at the back of it something like this: "I wonder what has happened before this play began? I wonder what is going to happen after it has ended?" And the majestic sequence of time and unified action, the completeness of the thing itself, is lost.

That is the reason for the unity of time and place; as true a reason, as sensible a reason from the Classical point of view, as the reason that made Virgil write his *Æneid* in hexameters throughout, instead of suddenly changing from one metre to another; as true and as excellent a spirit of unity as is still making the great Romanticists, like Victor Hugo, though they do not preserve the unity of time and place, struggle, in spite of it, to preserve some material unity, some lesson to be taught or some idea preserved throughout the pieces that they present.

Now again another note of that particular form of the Classical spirit called the Classical drama is its discarding of violence. It deliberately rejects violent gesture, violently moving speech, shrieks and groans, loud laughter, blows, death. The horrors, when they are necessary to be told, are told by someone upon the stage as of something happening off the stage, and the end, no matter how terrible, is calm. The dignity of mankind is never offended, nor that subtlety, without which art is but a limping affair, ever offended by rude phrase or exaggerated incident.

The object, remember, of the Classical spirit on the stage as elsewhere is the creating in the mind, in proper order, the sum of all human emotions. This by violence is disturbed. If you consider death; how greatly its human meaning is destroyed and vulgarized by the presence, even the necessary presence, of violence! It is not violence

that lends to the angel of death his awful majesty. It is loss. Loss is an emotion which, as we all know, resides in profound, though tragic repose. It is not violence which could produce the fundamental emotion of love. It is not violence that will give you, taking all these many emotions together, the proportion of these many emotions. They have their violent phases. Those are not the phases most endurable or calculated to arouse in those who observe, the fullest expression of humanity at its most sublime and greatest power. Therefore, violence also the Classical drama discards.

Finally, in the completed structure of a Classical drama you notice what may be called a lack of individual color, a lack of personal insistence. Much the same language is spoken by the King, the Queen, the herdsman, the noble courtier, the soldier. You have not got that acute contrast of characterization put in by tricks of manner or of accent which bring into relief Romantic work. An altitude of human speech, an equality of men, runs through the actors' speeches in all great Classical work. You may say that this is not nature; that it is not the way in which men go on. Perfectly true. Neither is the *Doll's House* true. Three *Doll's Houses* in a week would drive a man mad if it happened in his home. But if you proceed to say that because the Classical convention is not natural therefore it is not true: that because the Classical drama is not the mirror of anything that daily happens in human life therefore it does not express what is deepest in human life—then you have had the misfortune to miss the greatest and the calmest moments which illuminate by their memory the whole of one human existence; the moments in which, through the mutual necessity of patriotism or of a great peril, the equality of men becomes a living and a real thing, and in which you discover

dignity in the speech of the poorest, and humility in the speech of the greatest and the most powerful. The Classical drama is indeed artificially constructed—that is only as much as to say that it is a work of art—but, being such, it not only stimulates but reproduces those most real and most stupendous moments.

And the Classical drama by limiting, by moderating, by governing those powers we have within ourselves, can enlarge them. It is a paradox easily discoverable in every man's private experience (unless his life has been unfortunately and exceptionally wayward) that the restriction, within certain limits, of effort, increases the potential of that effort. And if you desire to see man's will at its best and at its most powerful, you will not go to a wilful man; you will go to the priest or to the soldier. By a paradox infinitely worthy of observation—the most useful doctrine perhaps which one could give in the general scheme of teaching how life should be lived—creative activity is enlarged, not lessened, by the presence of a limit and a boundary.

I will sum up by quoting a passage, if my readers will excuse it, which I confess I wrote myself some time ago. I take that liberty because, as it took me a very long time to write, it is probably accurate in expressing what I want to say:

"Caught on with this aspect of energy producing the Classic is the truth that energy alone can dare to be classical. Where the great currents of the soul run feebly a perpetual acceleration, whether by novelty or by extravagance, will be demanded; where they run full and heavy, then, under the restraint of form, they will but run more proudly and more strong. It is the flickering of life that fears hard rules in verse and may not feel the level classics of our Europe. Their

rigidity is not that of marble; they are not dead. A human acquaintance with their sobriety soon fills us as we read. If we lie in the way of the giants who conceived them (let me say Racine), re-reading and further knowledge—

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especially a deeper experience of common life about us—reveal to us the steadfast life of these images; the eyes open, the lips might almost move; the statue descends and lives.”

Hilaire Belloc.

THE STAYING GUEST.

BY MRS. ALFRED SIDGWICK.

Author of “*The Severins*,” etc.

CHAPTER X.

At first, when Mr. Popplestone was shown into the drawing-room at Helm Close, he thought it was empty. It was a room with a big bay window so placed that one side of the window seat could not be seen from the door. When you were sitting there you had to remember that any one coming in quietly could hear what you said. Mr. Popplestone heard no voices, but as he advanced further into the room he saw Lydia sitting near the window by herself. She had dressed early, and had gone into the library to see if Mr. Butler wanted to play patience, but he was not down yet. Her sojourn with the Gibbottles had taught her some of the everyday ways of an English household, and she knew that the grown-up members of a family gathered in the drawing-room every night and went from there to dinner. She liked all the rites of a life that was more civilized than any she had known, and she especially liked the daily opportunity of wearing an evening gown. To-night she wore the white one she had worn on the New Year's Eve, and in her hair as well as near her left shoulder she had cleverly fastened a clump of purple crocuses. Mr. Popplestone stood still in the middle of the room and looked at her.

“Good evening,” he said in his depressed voice. “We have both come before we were wanted, it seems.”

“I am staying here!” said Lydia.

“Indeed!” said Mr. Popplestone, and sat down beside her.

“How long have you known Miss Middleton?” he asked inquisitively. Lydia, resenting his tone, pretended, with the aid of her fingers, to do a little sum in arithmetic.

“One year, five months, and eighteen days,” she said.

“But where did you make her acquaintance?”

“Germany. West Berlin. Muggendorferstrasse. 99, Fourth floor left. Von Quint.”

“I don't know what you are talking about,” said Mr. Popplestone, combing his hair with his hands. “I suppose you wish to be humorous, but unless humor reaches the understanding of the person to whom it is addressed it is rather thrown away.”

Lydia drew a long breath and glanced at Mr. Popplestone with a little smile on her lips and the pretence of an apology in her eye.

“What a draught there is in this window,” he continued fretfully. “In this climate people ought to have double windows. Mr. Butler would never feel the expense of it.”

Della, coming in just then, heard him, a moment later saw him and saw Lydia too, looking her prettiest. Della was not by nature a matchmaker, but the picture of these two, apparently in friendly intercourse, put an idea into her head that stayed and grew. She knew that the gentleman was in afflu-

ent circumstances and the lady in poor ones. She did not like Mr. Popplestone much herself, but she considered him worthy, and in matrimony, even more than at table, what would poison you may be grateful and comforting to your neighbor. From what she knew of Lydia she had no reason to think her fastidious where men were concerned and every reason to suppose that she would like to marry, and from a worldly point of view to marry well.

"Good evening, Mr. Popplestone," she said, going into view. "Come nearer the fire, won't you?"

"I thought at first that I must have mistaken the night and arrived when you were giving a dance," he said, getting up and coming towards the fireplace.

"Why?"

"There is such a plethora of flowers in the hall and no one was down to receive me. . . ."

"Do you call me no one?" said Lydia, coming forward too.

"Of course the term is metaphorical. . . ."

"We like plenty of flowers," put in Delia, who had not rearranged those in the hall and thought there were too many, but did not wish to hurt Lydia's feelings.

"I'm not at all sure that I do," grizzled Mr. Popplestone. "They are a great deal of trouble both indoors and out, and no sooner do they bloom than they die."

"You should try artificial ones," suggested Lydia. "My aunt in Berlin had a garland of Gueuldres roses hanging from a picture, and every one thought it was real."

"They couldn't think so all the year round," said Mr. Popplestone; and then Franky Dale arrived, a young man he liked as well as an aged cantankerous dog likes a lively puppy. So far he did not feel honored by the people asked to meet him, but when Mary

Audley came in he was better satisfied. The Audleys were unexceptionable.

Delia had to go in to dinner with Mr. Popplestone, and her uncle took Mary Audley. So Lydia and Franky Dale went in together and were as merry as birds. Franky considered Lydia top-hole and didn't trouble about her place in the world, while Lydia was in her element seated between two men, both attracted by her, and surrounded by that material comfort for which she would have exchanged honor and glory and all the other barren kingdoms of the world. Meanwhile Mr. Popplestone gave the ladies on either side of him his views of life and hygiene.

"I've not touched soup for years, Miss Middleton," he said; "I look on with wonder when I watch the average man or woman at a meal and marvel that any one is still alive. Salt, now! My dear Miss Middleton, salt is an acrid poison . . . the body is most impatient of salt . . . and you take it . . . with your fish. Our folly is indeed colossal. I say 'our' out of politeness, but as a matter of fact, I'm most careful about my food."

"Are you ill, then?" asked Delia.

"Ill! No! By dint of never-failing care and thought I keep well; in my opinion it's worth it."

"I'd rather keep well without so much care and thought."

"But is that possible?"

"I find it so."

"Well . . . at your age, perhaps . . . but your uncle, now . . . I was really concerned the other afternoon . . . I ventured to remonstrate, but he only laughed . . . it was after our round of golf . . . he actually went into the Dormy House and had . . . tea and toast! I saw it with my own eyes."

"What did you have?" asked Mary.

"Hot water," said Mr. Popplestone,

and his voice seemed to come like a croak from the back of his head.

"But what did you eat?" said Della.

"Eat! My dear lady! I don't eat when I drink or drink when I eat. No one in his senses would." As he spoke he refused champagne.

"Doesn't your housekeeper find it difficult to cater for you?" said Mary.

"I don't leave her a free hand," said Mr. Popplestone; "I tell her exactly what I want. Even then she sometimes goes wrong."

"What happens then?"

"I have a little extra hot water," said Mr. Popplestone.

"How dull!" said Mary.

"But I am not really difficult to please," Mr. Popplestone continued, turning to Della. "I hope I don't give you that impression, Miss Middleton."

"Oh! not at all," murmured Della vaguely and inattentively. She thought that there were more interesting things in the world than Mr. Popplestone's food fads. She had not meant to talk exclusively to him all through dinner, but Lydia monopolized Franky Dale. Della listened to their patter for a little while and then turned again to Mr. Popplestone, who was now engaged in comparing town and country life. He had just admitted that he didn't think much of either.

"I lived in Manchester till I came here," he said. "The climate is most depressing, but so is this one. It is generally raining, and you can't go out when it rains."

"I do," said Della.

"So do I," said Mary.

"Ah!" said Mr. Popplestone with ironical emphasis, "ladies are so strong minded. A mere man waits for fine weather."

It could not be denied that Mr. Popplestone was a man, but his remark was received in silence. Franky Dale then came to the rescue by beginning

to talk of flying machines. The grave possibility of finding an airman on his roof or in his garden stirred Mr. Popplestone as nothing else had done, and with one hand supporting the back of his head he tilted his chair and discussed the defences he meant shortly to put up against the new danger. He had not finished when Della caught Mary's eye and got up from the table.

"God made him!" quoted Mary in a whisper as she crossed the hall with Della, but Della put her finger to her lips and would not laugh.

"Did you meet Mr. Popplestone often at Blazey?" she asked Lydia as the three girls gathered round the fire.

"Only twice, and then I hardly saw anything of him," said Lydia.

"You have not been to his house?"

"No; but I heard a great deal about it from the Gibbottles."

"Are they very intimate with Mr. Popplestone?" asked Mary Audley.

"They pursue and he retreats," said Lydia with a droll little shrug that took the worst edge from her words.

"It is truly a strange world," said Mary pensively to her coffee cup; and soon after that the three gentlemen, who had not found much to say to each other, joined them. Della turned to Mr. Popplestone and asked him if he was fond of music. He let himself down on a corner seat close to her chair and sighed with an oppressive melancholy that made her wish she could shake him.

"I like it when it's good," he said.

"Miss Jordan sings and plays," said Della.

"Have you any idea why she left the Gibbottles? I should have thought she was comfortable there."

"She is comfortable here, I hope, now."

"She really is a friend of yours then! I should not have expected it somehow. I asked her where you met, but she

answered in some flippant way that I hardly understood."

"We met in Berlin," said Delia, and got up to find some music for Lydia. But Mr. Butler and Franky Dale both asked for songs from popular musical comedies, and these she said she knew by ear. She ran through several with much verve and ease, applauded by every one but Mr. Popplestone. He looked as if he had a pain and occasionally threw back his hair and sighed.

"You really are . . ." said Frank Dale after a spirited performance of "Yip-i-addy" to which he had contributed a cake-walk invented on the spur of the moment; "it's as good as a gramophone."

"Oh! If a gramophone is what you like!" said Lydia. She smiled to herself, rippled up and down the piano once or twice, and then walked across the room to Mr. Popplestone.

"You sing, I know," she said, "I heard you singing at Blazey once . . . really good music."

"If one sings at all one may as well choose the best," said Mr. Popplestone.

But it took five people to persuade him. He said that after Miss Jordan's gay ditties he doubted whether they were in the mood for what he could offer them.

"Just you try us," said Franky Dale, "I'll fetch your music. I saw it sticking out of your coat pocket in the hall."

"When I have made up my mind that I want it I can fetch it myself," said Mr. Popplestone, but before he was half way through his sentence Franky and Lydia were racing each other across the hall in search of the music. Unluckily in their scuffle for it it got torn.

"I'm awfully sorry," said Frank, presenting it with a humble air; "I had some trouble in getting it out of the pocket . . . and it tore."

"How strange!" said Mr. Popplestone

with annoyance; and with ungenial sarcasm he added, "I'm much obliged to you for fetching it."

"Shall I accompany you?" said Lydia.

"I will accompany myself," said Mr. Popplestone; "I am most particular about time."

Lydia's face at this rebuff nearly sent Franky Dale off his balance, but a stern look from Della kept the boy quiet when Mr. Popplestone at last began. It took him some time to arrange the height of the stool, the music, and his spectacles, which he put on for the occasion. Mr. Butler had politely gone up to the piano with him, and was now asked if he would like to hear "Let me like a soldier fall."

"Very much indeed!" said Mr. Butler. "Who's it by?"

"I have no idea," said Mr. Popplestone, and struck the opening chords.

There was no doubt about his time being correct. It was as machine-like as a metronome. He also enunciated his words with remarkable clearness. Otherwise, a queerer performance Della had never heard. His voice came forth with a kind of cracked cackle that was exactly like a gramophone, and his hands were like leaden mallets on the keys. Franky Dale first behaved as if he was a bottle of soda-water slowly and skilfully opened, and then, because Della's eye was on him, bolted from the room. Mr. Butler looked solemn, in tune with the music, and both Mary and Della reflected on the inward meaning of Lydia's remark about the gramophone. It was she who had led Mr. Popplestone to make a fool of himself in this way, and she had done it with malice aforethought.

"A very pretty old song," said Mr. Butler when it ended. "There was another one of the same kind I liked when I was young—'My mother bids me bind my hair.' Can you sing that, Popplestone?"

"That is a song for a female voice,"

said Mr. Popplestone scornfully, and stalked away from the piano. Della hurriedly proposed bridge.

"How shall we play?" said Mr. Butler.

"Franky and I can stay out," said Della. "Franky can't play."

"Oh, can't I, Della!" said the aggrieved youth, coming in again as she spoke. "You're thinking of last summer. I've played a lot since then."

Meanwhile Lydia had gone up to Mr. Butler and told him that she could not play bridge, and did not wish to learn. Her game was poker patience.

"Then you and I will play it," said Mr. Butler, and sat down with his pretty young friend at a little table.

It was not what Della had planned, but she could not stop it. She now sat down to bridge with Mr. Popplestone as her partner, and wondered how he would play. At the end of the first round she knew.

"You lost us five tricks through letting them get in with their clubs," she said, for Della was a sound player, trained by the Audley boys, who would have the rigor of the game.

"My thoughts *always* wander at cards," said Mr. Popplestone. "Were clubs trumps?"

"We were playing no trumps."

"But was it not my deal?"

"You left it to me."

"It seems a long time ago," he sighed. "To tell the truth, I had forgotten."

"Franky!" said Della in a stern voice and with a frown that was Jove-like. She had to take strong measures, because he was just going off like a bottle of soda-water again, and his conduct was not only unseemly, but contagious. However, the discovery of an abnormally bad hand sobered him. He left it, Mary went spades, Della doubled and got the slam. But unfortunately her partner revoked, and Franky found it out.

"Three tricks to us," he said cheerfully.

"After all, it is only a game," said Mr. Popplestone to Della, and, as he continued to play in this spirit, he and she lost the rubber. Della thought that, under the circumstances, one rubber was enough.

"Cards soon become tedious," announced Mr. Popplestone, as Della put the big packs away, and gave Mary Audley the patience cards for which she asked. "I like them for a few minutes, and then I begin to wish that I was employing my time in a more worthy manner."

"I'm afraid you don't care for games," said Della.

"I don't care much about anything," admitted Mr. Popplestone. "Whatever I do I ask, Is it worth while? I ask it frequently of life itself."

Della looked enviously at Mary and Franky Dale, who were tense with interest in a Little Demon that promised to come out. The other patience players were weightily wrestling with a game that presented difficulties.

"It might be different if I had a cheerful companion," Mr. Popplestone droned on. He had gone to the corner seat near the fire again and sprawled there with his hand behind his head. Della sat bolt upright in an arm-chair. She detested people who grumbled and sprawled.

"I suppose one might even be led to sort out bits of cardboard with colored spots on them and think it amusing."

"Didn't you play games at school?" said Della.

"I never went to school," said Mr. Popplestone. "My aunt thought my mind would expand more at home. I had a most accomplished governess and then a tutor. Then I went to Freiburg for a time, but I did not mix with the students. Their beer-drinking is so reprehensible, so are their duels."

Della began to wonder whether Mr.

Popplestone ever talked of anything but himself. She tried various subjects, but found they all led back to his health, his troubles, and his prejudices. The announcement of his carriage came as a relief. Mr. Butler went into the hall to see him off and came back beaming.

"Very agreeable man," he said, "very anxious to be sociable. He says he would have made friends with us long since, but he thought we had taken a dislike to him."

"The kind of thing he would say!" exclaimed Della.

"He says he often feels lonely, poor chap," babbled Mr. Butler, without noticing the frosty reception his young people were according to what he said. "I've told him whenever he feels like that he's to drop in here . . . to lunch or tea, you know . . . I didn't say dinner."

Della's look of horror had attracted his surprised attention. "I didn't say dinner," he repeated.

"I'm a bit lonely sometimes," said Franky Dale. "Could I drop in to lunch to-morrow, Della, and stay to tea?"

"What for?" said Della.

"How different you are from your uncle!" said Franky.

CHAPTER XI.

It did not seem as if the prizes of the educational world were within Lydia Jordan's reach. She answered advertisements industriously and put her name down at various agencies, but a fortnight before Easter she was still at Helm Close. Mr. Butler pressed her to stay on as long as she pleased, and Della could only second him. She still reserved her judgment of the girl and withheld her friendship, though she hardly knew why. Lydia was always good-humored, always delighted to potter about with Mr. Butler, always there when she was wanted and invis-

ble when she might have been in the way. Her manners were as supple as her body, and when she laughed at any one Della usually had to laugh too. Her motive in leading Mr. Popplestone to sing had certainly not been a kind one. She had invited him to do so because she knew that his singing was absurd. But the man was such a curious mixture of thin and thick skin, so consequential and yet so prone to take offence, such a bore and yet so quick to suspect dislike, that it was the very devil to deal with him. Probably if he had not been asked to sing he would have been hurt in one of his many tender places.

About a week after he had dined at Helm Close he called one afternoon, was admitted, and stayed to tea. Della found him there when she came in late from golf with Frank Dale; found, moreover, that he had come to deliver an invitation, and that her uncle had provisionally accepted it.

"Mr. Popplestone is kind enough to ask us to lunch one day next week," he said soon after his niece came in.

"Oh! thank you," said Della, taking her usual chair near the tea-table. She said nothing more, but helped herself to tea and to hot scones from a dish Lydia had kept near the fire for her.

"How about Thursday?" said Mr. Butler.

"Last hockey match of the season," said Della.

"Friday, then? I'm free on Friday."

"I'm not. I'm sorry, but the Audleys. . . ."

"Any day suits me," said Mr. Popplestone in a depressed voice, "but of course if no day suits Miss Middleton. . . . It certainly is a long way from here to Low Croft! At least twice as far as from Low Croft to Helm Close."

Della didn't like either the invitation or the sarcasm. Both, she thought, were characteristic. No one should bring a word-of-mouth invitation for

"any day" unless it is certain that it will be welcome.

"Mr. Popplestone says his garden looks charming just now," said Lydia.

So she wanted to go. Although she laughed inwardly at the man and exposed him to general derision, she wanted to go to his house. Delia's clear gray eyes rested for a moment on the stranger within her gates, and the idea born a week ago and dead in an evening came to life again.

"Would Saturday be possible?" she said to Mr. Popplestone, "If my uncle is free then. . . ."

It was settled immediately, and Mr. Popplestone took his departure, prophesying another storm for Saturday that would prevent them from keeping their engagement. That they would snatch at any excuse to get out of it and that he would then have taken a deal of trouble in vain were contingencies suggested in his manner rather than expressed in his words. But Mr. Butler assured him that spring was coming and that he might expect them in any weather.

"It will be pleasant to see Low Croft again," he said, coming back to the drawing-room. "I haven't been inside the house since old Mrs. Wren died. I used to go there a good deal in her time."

"Is it a pretty house?" asked Lydia.

"Pretty? No . . . not to call pretty . . . a good house with good grounds . . . must take some keeping up . . . five gardeners Popplestone tells me . . . and he never has a flower he says . . . but that's his way of talking. He does not take a cheerful view of life."

The sky is an inkpot upside down

Spattering the world with gloom.

The earth is full of dead men's bones;

The sea is a wobbling tomb!

chanted Lydia.

"He ought to marry some cheerful young lady," said Mr. Butler unexpect-

edly, and went off for half an hour to one of his mind-feeding books in the library.

"But how would the cheerful young lady like Mr. Popplestone for a mate?" said Delia.

"He would have the virtues and she would have the graces," said Lydia.

"They would get on I daresay."

"And in time exchange qualities."

"Is that what happens in marriage? I suppose it is. Then I shall marry a bear and teach him to dance, and he shall teach me—teach me—what do I lack?"

"I don't think I know you well enough to say," said Delia literally.

"Oh! but there is one thing I lack and badly want," cried Lydia. "Perhaps it can't be taught, but it can be given."

"Do you mean money?"

Lydia nodded.

"I want it more than I can say," she acknowledged.

"Then you will get it," Delia prophesied. "I believe people get what they really want in life."

"What do you want most? But you have everything."

"I have all I want," said Delia soberly; but her thought went with a flash to Jem who had wanted her before the time was ripe. In the fulness of time she would want him. Ever since he had spoken she had known it.

"I'm longing for Saturday!" Lydia said, and when Saturday came she dressed herself with great care. Her clothes, Delia perceived, were better than any one who knew her circumstances could understand. She could not have received enough money from Mrs. Gilbottle to pay for all the new things in which she appeared so she was presumably running up bills. She had paid various visits to the best dressmaker in Wray-side quite recently, and Delia hoped that she was not get-

ting into debt there. That she should do so seemed unlikely, for no one who knew Lydia could take her for a fool, and in general it is your fool who lightly prepares financial pitfalls for his own undoing. But there was no doubt that she had a passion for clothes. This Saturday morning she appeared in a pale gray coat and skirt, a becoming close hat, and yards and yards of gray chiffon worn as a veil. Della, who dressed well but without coquetry, wore a blue serge, made by a good tailor, and a hat that looked like a big blue mushroom under her gauze veil.

The first impression made on both girls by Low Croft was chilly. As they approached the house they saw that the five gardeners did not keep the drive weeded or prevent the trees from overhanging it. When they alighted they were shown first into a large, dark, flagged hall that was bitterly cold. Mr. Popplestone received them here and explained that the fire could not be lighted, because the chimney smoked. He took them into the drawing-room, where in one of the grates a small new fire had just begun to consume the sticks. The air in here felt both stuffy and frigid, the furniture was stiffly placed. Mr. Popplestone fidgeted from one leg to the other and looked profoundly miserable.

"I never use this room," he said, unnecessarily. Both girls had seen that at once.

"I never used my drawing-room till Della grew up," said Mr. Butler, comfortably. "One stays with one's pipes and one's books. How time flies! Mrs. Wren died soon after Della came . . . nearly fourteen years ago . . . and I've not been in this room since. Did you throw out that bay?"

"No," said Mr. Popplestone, "I've left everything as I found it. I might make things worse if I tinkered with them. Besides, it isn't for long."

"I heard you'd bought the place," said Mr. Butler. "Are you going to leave it?"

"Oh, no," said Mr. Popplestone, "I was only referring to the shortness of human life. We're all mortal. The place is mine. I paid more for it than it's worth, I believe."

"But what a garden, and what a view!" said Lydia, who had gone into the bay to look out of the window.

"It is a passable view," admitted Mr. Popplestone, and then his butler announced lunch.

That, Della found, was the kind of feast a bachelor with more money than understanding will offer honored friends. Everything was of the best, and supplied in large quantities. Mr. Popplestone had not allowed his fads about diet to affect his hospitality, and though he abstained from nearly everything himself his guests could not eat and drink enough to please him. They sat down to his groaning board at half-past one, and at three they were still refusing chocolates and port.

"I thought young ladies liked sweets," he said; and then with one of his deepest sighs he suggested that they should adjourn to the library, which was pleasanter and warmer than the drawing-room. But as they sat down there he startled them all by clasping his head with both hands and gazing at them with an expression of despair.

"I say—are you ill?" Mr. Butler asked anxiously.

"I am early Victorian," he cried, "I'm sixty years behind my time. I forgot that in these days all young ladies smoke, and I haven't a cigarette in the house. I believe these are good cigars, but . . ."

"I don't smoke," said Della, declining to help herself to one of the largest cigars she had ever seen.

"Nor do I," said Lydia.

"Nor do I," said Mr. Popplestone,

with an air of relief. "I tried once, but it didn't agree with me at all."

"What a delightful room this is," said Delia, glad to have found a corner of the house she could praise. It was a plain, comfortable, book-lined room, with a big window and a south aspect.

"Do you like it?" said Mr. Popplestone, going up to her. "Perhaps you think it should be a morning-room or a boudoir . . . but the view from the floor above is even better. Should you care to see over the house before we go into the garden?"

He looked from one girl to the other, but Delia thought that he looked longest at Lydia. However, it was Mr. Butler who answered. He said he would like to see the house again himself, as he remembered every nook and cranny of it in Mrs. Wren's time, and perhaps when he had finished his cigar—

"We needn't wait for that," said Mr. Popplestone. "A cigar is no worse upstairs than downstairs in my opinion."

So he led the way, only remarking gloomily as they reached the first floor,

"You'll probably find everything in great disorder. I don't understand housekeeping."

But as a matter of fact everything was in apple-pie order and mighty dull. All the rooms were furnished, but none were gay and pretty. The only empty one was that above the library.

"I left this one," said Mr. Popplestone flopping against the wall. "I thought that if ever I married my wife might wish to please herself about it."

"A excellent idea," said Mr. Butler in his encouraging way.

"I did think of brown paper walls and chocolate curtains."

"Or one of those brown and drab flock papers you used to see so much in Germany," said Lydia, "a sort of mud-

colored surface, you know, strewn with woolly brown snakes. I've often seen them. You liven it up if you can with crimson plush and one or two plaster casts."

"I've never been in Germany," said Mr. Popplestone stiffly, "so I am not familiar with their ideas of decoration."

"I should like white walls and a gay chintz," said Delia "and all the nicest bits of old furniture I could find—and books—and flowers—a blue Persian carpet. It would be a charming room, Lydia."

"I am sure it would if you arranged it," said Mr. Popplestone. "Even to hear you describe it has a cheering effect on the mind."

"I love interfering with other people's houses," said Delia. "I can always see how they ought to go."

"I'm glad I refrained from my own color scheme," said Mr. Popplestone. "It would evidently not have met with your approval. Perhaps you will some day take the rest of the house in hand, too."

"Oh! I'll help when the time comes," said Delia, and then they went downstairs and into the gardens, which were large and well planned, but left entirely to gardeners.

"My man is pleased with the effect," said Mr. Popplestone, waving his hand at his parterres. "I know nothing about it myself. It may be all wrong."

Mr. Butler, who knew a great deal, and Delia, who knew a little, both thought it was all wrong. The lines were stiff and the colors garishly chosen. The general impression was of money without love or taste, and Delia was not surprised to hear Mr. Popplestone say that his man considered all wild flowers weeds and would not suffer even a primrose or a bit of wild thyme if he could help it. On their way to the greenhouses they found themselves in a narrow path with several twists and turns in it.

Mr. Popplestone walked ahead at one moment because he saw the head gardener and wanted to speak to him. As he did so Lydia came into sight by herself and supposing that the others were just behind they walked on together.

"Do you know the daffodil valley?" she asked him. "We are going to see it one day soon. There are three miles of daffodils there."

"Will they be worth the trouble?"

"Miss Middleton thinks so."

"I suppose you know her tastes by this time?"

"Here and there."

"She strikes me as difficult to please."

"I should want more if I had her chances. I wouldn't live boxed up in the country all the year round."

"You're different grain."

"How clever of you to see that," said Lydia flippantly, and looked back for Mr. Butler and Della: but they were not in sight.

"Have you seen the Gilbottles lately?" she asked.

"Not since they dined here before the storm. It would have been only civil if they had called, but I suppose they didn't wish to. They may not wish to carry on the acquaintance."

"Now that they know that Magnolia hasn't a chance," finished Lydia.

She spoke so demurely and in so low a voice that Mr. Popplestone, who could hardly believe his ears, decided that they had deceived him and that he need take no notice of an interpolation which, if it had been made, would have been impertinent and unladylike. It was true that he had been driven to reject Magnolia Gilbottle's advances rather decidedly. She had been taken with other people to see the house and had given her opinion unasked more than once, but especially in the empty room. She had expressed a wish for rose-colored hangings there. Mr. Popplestone had lightly and airily replied

that he meant to leave the room in the hands of his future wife and that he could not accept advice about it from any other lady. Magnolia had looked daggers at him and had said that she was glad he meant to accept advice from some one some day as she could not congratulate him on the downstairs rooms. She would rather live in the catacombs herself than in any of them. But unless this passage of arms had been talked of openly in the family, and even in the presence of dependants (Mr. Popplestone always thought of a governess as a "dependant"), he did not know how Miss Jordan could arrive at the knowledge she seemed to have, if she had made the remark he pretended not to hear.

"I wonder what has become of Mr. Butler and Miss Middleton," he said discontentedly. "This wind is bitter cold."

"They have probably gone back to the house to escape it . . . like sensible people," said Lydia.

"Then let us act like sensible people," said Mr. Popplestone, showing that Lydia's objection to a wind blowing across his garden hurt his feelings, "I am sorry that I could not order a mid-summer day for you," he added.

"I am sorry, too," said Lydia pretending to shiver. "I hate a cold wind."

They turned back therefore, but were delayed, first because Mr. Popplestone's hat blew off and he had a long chase after it, and then because he took a short cut and found that Lydia had not waited where he left her. He went one way and another way in search of her, and finally met a gardener who said a lady had gone into the green-houses within sight but not close by. So he set off there and had some ado not to scowl at a lady who had led him such a dance. For he was a man of solid virtues but unstable temper.

"Where *have* you been?" cried Lydia.

"Looking everywhere for you," said Mr. Popplestone.

"I got tired of waiting in the wind so I came here. I like the warmth, and you said you wanted to show us your glass."

"I said so to Mr. Butler and Miss Middleton but they have vanished. Shall we go back to the house now?"

"Are you in a hurry? It is much pleasanter here than in that horrid wind! What heavenly roses. Your gardener must be very clever to have roses in March. Could you spare me one or two?"

Without any sign of flattery or pleasure Mr. Popplestone tore off two or three roses and handed them to this brazen and provoking hussy who asked for them. Lydia fastened them into her grey coat near the filmy ends of the grey veil. "I'm fond of flowers," she said. "I should like to have a big garden and five gardeners and glasshouses."

Mr. Popplestone fled—literally and wrathfully fled—asking himself as he went what young women were coming to. He had no idea that behind his back Lydia was capering with malicious amusement. She was quick to see where she attracted and whom she repelled, and she knew that the master of Low Croft was not for her. But just because he was proof against her she delighted in annoying him.

Meanwhile Mr. Butler and Della had been forced to return to the house, and they had made the journey with difficulty. Mr. Butler had succumbed to one of those violent onslaughts of pain that doctors used to call lumbago—nowadays they find new names and new treatments, but the patient finds that he is seized as suddenly as his ancestors were and made as uncomfortable. Della had to help her uncle slowly back and was glad when they

were safely in the drawing-room. She got him to lie down on the sofa, rang the bell, and asked that their car should be ordered round at once. As she was speaking to the butler they heard a car arrive at the front door, and the man went out to receive it. He returned almost directly to show in callers.

"Mrs. Gilbottle, the Miss Gilbottles," he said loudly, and three large resplendent ladies sailed into the room.

It was a long room and Mr. Butler lay quietly at one end of it. Della sat beside him, and at first the three newcomers did not see them.

"What a mercy! There's a fire!" said Mrs. Gilbottle advancing towards it.

"I always long to shake this room about," said Miss Gilbottle. "It wants a woman's hands."

"It wants draperies," said Jessamine Gilbottle, who was considered "artistic" by her family.

Then the sound of Mr. Butler trying to rise from the sofa startled them.

"It's Mr. Butler," said Mrs. Gilbottle.

"And Miss Middleton," said Magnolia.

They waited a moment to see what Della would do. She was so much engaged with her uncle, who wanted to get up and found he could not, that at first she did nothing, and when she looked up the three ladies had turned their backs and were marching solemnly towards the further window. There they stood, staring at the garden and making artificial remarks about it to each other. Suddenly one of them gave a little scream.

"How has she wormed herself in here?"

"Will she dare to look us in the face?"

"She has impudence for anything!"

"I wonder if she has got those roses as she got our stephanotis on New Year's Eve?"

"What are we to do if she tries to speak to us?"

These remarks were made in swift succession and in tones that carried the gist of them to the other end of the room. Mr. Butler and Della heard enough to make them wish to end a painful situation as quickly as possible, but unfortunately Mr. Butler could not move without assistance, and then only like a cripple. Before they could take the initiative, Mr. Popplestone and Lydia came in; the three ladies bore down upon the master of the house; there was a little flurry of surprise and explanations, and a general introduction of Helm Close to Blazey Hall. When the hubbub subsided, Lydia was sitting beside Mr. Butler and showing him her roses, while Della, with endurance in her soul, was conversing with Magnolia and Jessamine Gilbottle.

"We didn't know you had company, Mr. Popplestone," Mrs. Gilbottle was saying.

"It is a rare occurrence," Mr. Popplestone replied. "I'm sorry to find that coming to see me has made Mr. Butler so ill. I suppose I must have provided something poisonous for lunch . . . quite unintentionally, of course."

"What's the matter with your uncle?" said Magnolia Gilbottle to Della, and drew general attention to the invalid at the other end of the room.

"It is lumbago," said Della. "The attacks come quite suddenly, Mr. Popplestone, and I am sure that you are not in any way responsible for this one."

"He may have got a chill when he arrived," said Mr. Popplestone. "This room is always like a cellar."

"It wouldn't be if you had two roaring fires in it," said Mrs. Gilbottle. "It's not a bad room."

As she spoke the butler came in and announced the Helm Close car. Mr. Butler, supported by Lydia, came slow-

ly down the room and Della, in a hurry to get away, went to meet him and offer him a second arm. Mr. Popplestone renewed his apologies for an entertainment that had brought disaster, and the Gilbottles, with bridling chins, pretended not to see or recognize Lydia. But the master of the house was not one to turn an awkward corner with dexterity.

"Don't you remember Miss Jordan?" he said to Mrs. Gilbottle.

"Very well indeed," said the lady, tossing her head and staring at an opposite wall.

"Oh! my roses! My beautiful roses!" cried Lydia. They had fallen from her hands. Mr. Popplestone stooped stiffly to pick them up.

"They are hardly worth taking," he said.

"Oh! but they are treasures!" said Lydia sentimentally. It had been easy for her, as she edged towards the door with Mr. Butler, to turn her back on the fuming Gilbottles. In this way she made a triumphant sortie with the master of Helm Close on one side and the master of Low Croft hovering behind.

"The minx!" said Mrs. Gilbottle, as she waited with her daughters for Mr. Popplestone's return. "I should like to have boxed her ears."

"I wonder—" began Magnolia, but could not finish because Mr. Popplestone came back into the room.

"I am afraid I made a mistake," he began in his ponderous way. "I had no idea that you were not on speaking terms with Miss Jordan."

"We had no idea that you were on visiting terms with Miss Jordan!" said Mrs. Gilbottle.

"They seem very fond of her at Helm Close. I could not tell them not to bring her with them," said Mr. Popplestone. "I have never even heard why she left you."

"She left me because I refused to

keep her another day under my roof," explained Mrs. Gilbottle. "I consider her a most designing young woman."

"There is no grown-up son at Helm Close," said Magnolia.

"I can believe anything of her in *The Times*."

that way," said Mr. Popplestone, then halted uncomfortably, and turned his eyes markedly away from Magnolia Gilbottle. He certainly was a man with an unfortunate manner.

(*To be continued.*)

NEW THOUGHT IN FRANCE.*

M. Boutroux has found in his English translator such an excellent medium by whom to convey his mind to us that I am tempted to ask for more—a very little more, but of infinite utility as the world goes. To these thoughtful addresses a brief set of definitions might have been attached. The average reader, who knows what scientific and philosophic terms may mean as one of George Eliot's characters knew Latin—all in general but nothing in particular—should be charitably put in remembrance of the precise intent lurking under such words as "concept" and "intuition," "positive sciences," "synthetic and analytic relations," and even "empirical and logical," but especially should he learn how to distinguish between "concept" and "reason." For lack of some preliminary instruction touching the value of its pieces a game of mental chess may bring only confusion and check-mate to the player we call in from the street. M. Boutroux comprehends his own meaning so well; he does, for the most part, lay it before us with such grace and lucidity, that these precautions added would give to his arguments ten-fold power. He is dealing with real objects and interests common to all. But how few have ever looked

at the A. B. C. of metaphysics! Yet this, quite strictly, is the subject in hand, namely, whether beyond physics and physical science there is anything to know, any kind of action not reducible to these phenomena, their laws, and formulæ, and consequences.

I will throw the question into an easier shape. For many years past, as those who study French life and French politics are aware, the governing authorities in Paris have made a dead set at religion—the Catholic being charged in the foreground—as if what we understand by it were some inferior, degenerate, and uncivilized form of thought, or, as they say, "mentality." What do these lawgivers, who control the state education from primary schools to Paris University, aim at substituting for the religion they prescribe? M. Boutroux keeps at a distance from political strife, but the answer is plainly indicated where he speaks, in his second lecture, on the attitude taken up by French "independent" moralists towards the old dogmatic or Christian creed. There is no mystery in it. The so-called "positive," otherwise "determinist," principle recognizes only one method of investigation, which it applies to every object, real or possible, and that is the method of "science." I call particular attention to the following significant passage—a master-key that will unlock many closed doors—"Nature pure and

* "The Beyond that is Within, and other Addresses," By Emile Boutroux, Member of the French Institute, Professor of Modern Philosophy at the University of Paris. Translated by Jonathan Nield. 3s. 6d. net. (Duckworth & Co.)

simple," says M. Boutroux, "constitutes for present-day philosophy the collection of facts that are observable by our senses, and that determine one another in the manner conceived by science." Facts observed by the senses, brought into relation under laws which are only abbreviated summaries of these very facts, behold the subject-matter and the method which "positive science" claims to make its own, while undertaking to explain phenomena by them universally. "Observe and arrange," that is the whole secret; and the faculties involved are the senses with their corresponding memories. But as religion is much more than a collection of sensible events; and since it appeals to personalities conceived as outside and above "nature pure and simple," either it is a fiction or its validity is established by methods unknown to the experimentalist who cannot go beyond "the absolute assimilation of man with things."

In the French State schools this "absolute assimilation" has been taught under the name of "independent morality" for twenty-five years and upwards. The social order is explained as a system of mechanical forces; and then children hear themselves exhorted to cultivate certain ideals, *e.g.*, patriotism, liberty, fraternity, and other shibboleths of the year 1789. But these children are not only scientific phenomena; they have strong appetites and growing passions; and how will the teacher inspire them with motives to curb their wild desires? What sanction except the fear of the policeman or of public opinion will he invoke? These arguments may be effective to restrain bad conduct, but they will never make any conduct good; for as motives they have nothing moral in them. As was excellently said long ago, all they could produce in human nature would be a species of "retrieving," and man would come forth from such an education

about as moral as his dog or his horse. In fact, he comes forth, if we are to rely on French criminal statistics, much less disciplined than the animals we train. "Independent morality" is verbiage; its code is a copy-book; and there can be no such thing as duty in a machine. But men are not machines; all too easily they take their place, like Bill Sykes, in a Newgate Calendar.

Stripping the facts of those delicate wrappings in which M. Boutroux, always polite, has folded them up, I could exhibit some very unpleasant illustrations of a morality divorced from religion after this manner in France. But he, with a certain gracious timidity and self-control, points out why it must be so; on "the data of positive science" no sufficient reasons are discoverable why the laws of ethics should bind us. No, indeed, self-will is not good-will; and how can it be changed to good-will without loving good? Where in physical relations shall we find the power to change it? Nevertheless, without the good-will of multitudes society cannot endure. The French State religion is melting away into moral anarchy. The school has become a forecourt of the prison.

Alarmed by these and the like observations founded on a great consensus of testimonies from all sides, M. Boutroux is led to ask whether we must not "overstep the range of science;" whether its method is the only valid one; and whether its principle of "continuity" or "identity" can be applied when it yields results so little to our satisfaction as men, who feel bound, after all, to "follow our star," the true ideal? Science takes "the Given" for its province; is there not a "Beyond," in us and above us, to which we are akin? Ought we not to say with Pascal that man stands midway between the cause and the effect? that in his life—the life he is called upon

to live as reasonable and loving—the scheme of things arrives at an interpretation in any other way unattainable? The instrument by which this harmony is effected M. Boutroux denominates reason; it is “the faculty which, above physical and logical relations, sets relations of concrete intelligibility—interconnecting no longer facts or concepts, but living beings.”

A question here forces itself on our notice which cannot be passed over. Has this eminent French Professor made acquaintance with Cardinal Newman’s “Grammar of Assent?” I think it most unlikely. Yet Newman wrote before 1870, “Our most natural mode of reasoning is not from propositions to propositions, but from things to things, from concrete to concrete, from wholes to wholes.” The “reason” of M. Boutroux is the “illative sense” of Newman, in touch with life. And it is life which proclaims by hard stubborn facts, “chisels that winna’ ding,” the bankruptcy of physical science when attempting to domineer over things too high for it. Our author drives the lesson home. “It is just because of its construction,” he says, “under the guidance of *reason*, that the object with which reflective and scientific thought confronts its concepts possesses an objective value.” This “inner Beyond” of which we are conscious, is “the condition of the essential elements of human life, viz., action, volition, and perception, as therein revealed to us.” And the more expressive are those forms in height and depth of being, so much the more will they repay our efforts to develop them as living powers. Physical science may reckon its triumphs precisely because it has, in its own province, aimed at the mastery of nature by well-devised experiment, which always combines intuition with concept, and both with concrete reality. But so does art,

so metaphysics, and surely religion has ever implied the communion of spirit with spirit.

I cannot pause here to do more than suggest how like is this argument of M. Boutroux to Mr. Balfour’s general reasoning in “The Foundations of Belief.” The French writer offers it in a constructive way, and very gently, as to men lately convalescent from materialism. He might, with Mr. Balfour, have made it the fulcrum of a terrible dilemma; either admit these grand human acquisitions to be real and not delusive, or confess that science itself has no more solid basis in fact than they have. A third line of inference may be followed, closely resembling Newman’s in the “Grammar,” if we affirm that life has its rights, its justification, and its inward harmony, not only as certain as physical science ever could show, but more primitive and of a larger compass. The stroke which establishes art, metaphysics, and religion in their respective sovereignties, reveals the abysses of consciousness and conscience, or in St. Paul’s magnificent language, the “deep Things” of God and man. Thus will the “inner Beyond,” once it is acknowledged, “bestow a real value,” says M. Boutroux, “upon those methods of inward and outward observation which at an earlier stage we felt bound to reject as insufficient.” Using plainness of speech we may translate these carefully toned-down words into a series of English sentences, thus:—the admission of a faculty which apprehends and judges the concrete is the only possible alternative to scepticism; but, if admitted, that faculty will declare the existence of other worlds besides “Nature pure and simple,” worlds therefore “supernatural” from the point of view taken by physical science, not continuous with it, nor to be interpreted in its technique; summing up the whole in Schopenhauer’s mem-

orable dictum, "There is a metaphysics."

The reality and the function of "wisdom" or philosophy have in this manner been ascertained. It "looks for the connection between science and action; it responds to the need of knowing whether existence, in so far as it transcends the compass of science, is still within the grasp of the intellect, of the reason, of human thought." M. Boutroux, as we gather from these words, would not be rightly numbered with pure mystics. The harmony that he desires to see accomplished between all the varying lines of human action and reflection is, like that contemplated by Aristotle, a creation of the mind, but it must be a living mind

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imparting to its own vision the judgment of reality without which all would be a dream. He calls on those who are now opponents to be reconciled, not by the suppression of any element in our complex nature, but by enlarging the circle in which every one may find its place. I consider his persuasive volume to be among the most notable symptoms—and they are multiplying—of New Thought in France. When the thought has gained its legitimate influence the Republic will no longer banish the name of God from its decrees and religion from its schools. I have given myself the pleasure of analyzing briefly M. Boutroux's admirably-timed lectures; and I can pay them no more sincere compliment.

William Barry

GEORGE MEREDITH.

It was while George Meredith was staying at Dunley with Admiral Maxse, that the latter was understood to have furnished the original, much transfigured, of course, in the narrative, of the hero in *Beauchamp's Career* that I first met him. The Admiral and he were friends of long standing, sharing the same political views and sympathies, and each alike cherishing a warm feeling for France. I had the good fortune to number Admiral Maxse and his family among my own friends, and I was a frequent guest at Dunley. It was during one of these visits that I accompanied the Admiral to Boxhill to see Meredith. The approach to his home prepared me, in some measure, for the occupant. Walking up a rather rugged road on one side of the hill, we turned through a small rustic gate into his garden, lush, prolific and well-cared-for, but in no degree conventionally tidy. Meredith was walking it bare-headed, and I noticed at once the absolute likeness got by Hollier in the

photographic portrait of him, and the emphatic resonance and distinct clearness of his voice and utterance. "The face of a man of genius," I said to myself. His greeting was as cordial as my own; and incipient friendly relations were formed that afternoon before I left.

It was not long before I had the opportunity of paying him a less accidental visit, and I had great pleasure in accepting the invitation that shortly followed to spend a day or two with him. In opinion on more subjects than one we differed widely, but we never wrangled nor even argued about these, but discussed them each, I think, with open minds. I thought his tendency, as perhaps it is with the holders of a generous Liberalism, to be too emotional where a little practical hard-headedness is necessary. But our conversation in the earlier days of our acquaintance was literary rather than political or general; and there I found, to my astonishment, there was little

room for divergence. I shall never forget his saying to me, "No one values or admires lucidity more than I do," for I think every one will admit that he was frequently, both in verse and prose, exasperatingly obscure. He had, it always seemed to me, two ways of writing, the natural and the Meredithian. Every time I went to see him, he began talking to me in Meredithese, probably because he had been writing it all morning. But, as I talked like the proverbial plain man, he soon did the same, without any detriment to the play of his mind, and his illuminating treatment of whatever subject we touched on. The same double way of writing was manifest in his letters, many of which I possess. I have a very vivid recollection of our climbing to the small Swiss chalet at the top of his garden where, when in full health, he wrote all his work, and his reading to me from manuscript *The Empty Purse*. This was done in perfect good faith, and he evidently enjoyed doing it. But, though I heard well enough, not only did I not understand in the least, but I had not the faintest conception what it was about. My darkness was too complete for one to say frankly how much so. When it was published, he sent me a copy of the volume in which it appears. I read it to myself with the closest attention, but my failure to understand it was as great as ever. I carried it with me to Dunley on the occasion of my next visit, and from a sheer love of mischief, the Admiral's elder daughter, who was personally much attached to Meredith, and of whom he was very fond, asked the Admiral and two male friends who were uncompromising admirers of his poetry to be good enough to turn the advantages they had over us to good account, and to explain to us *The Empty Purse*. Their failure was complete. Thereupon we suggested an explanation at which, after infinite pains, we

had arrived, but without any feeling of certitude that we were right. It must not be supposed from the foregoing that I do not greatly admire a good deal of his poetry, and find it as lucid as could possibly be desired. Once the key to *Modern Love* is known, that series of Sonnets, which, without it, doubtless seems obscure, are reasonably intelligent throughout, and many of them are as fine as they are intelligible. But the lapses into obscurity remained with him to the last. I came down one morning to breakfast rather early, and, it being a Saturday, I took up a weekly paper, and found in it a sonnet by my host that sorely puzzled me. At that moment Meredith's charming daughter, so good and devoted to her father, came in, and I said, "Papa" (as she always called him) "will I suppose be down directly, and, as you tell me you always understand what he writes, I want you to explain this to me." She read, and hesitated as to the meaning. "But we *must* make it out between us!" and I think we succeeded as to the first twelve lines. But the closing couplet baffled us. When the author himself came in, and was appealed to, he shed little if any more light on it, and ended by saying, "It means something like that," recalling to me what Jean Paul Richter said in analogous circumstances that once on a time two persons had known what an arraigned passage signified, himself and *Le bon Dieu*. But now God alone knew.

As I have said, I rate very highly the poetry of George Meredith that is free from obscurity. But it is necessary, if one is to be candid, to insist, as I did in the *Quarterly Review*, in a paper entitled "The Essentials of Great Poetry," that want of melodiousness and lack of clearness are fatal to verse claiming to be poetry. Assumptions to the contrary have been, and still are, frequent in criticisms of verse in our time, but that cannot alter the

old, traditional and enduring conditions satisfied by all dead poets who are universally recognized as such. The crowning triumph of the poet is to be not merely lyrically lucid and melodious, but to continue to be lucid and melodious when his verse is intellectual, and contains high and deep thoughts as well. The same canon of true criticism must be applied, where it is applicable, to Meredith, as well as to every writer of verse. But Meredith not unoften answers that test and satisfies that condition. He does so, over and over again, in *Modern Love*, and other places.

But a man who writes novels that are successful in obtaining a wide hearing, and excite among many great admiration, must expect to be regarded by the world at large as a novelist rather than as a poet. That would seem to be a hard fate, but so it is, and becomes more so every day. Even Sir Walter Scott has suffered it, notwithstanding that *The Lady of the Lake*, and the last three hundred lines of *Marmion*, are poetry of no mean order. The writer of poetry in these days must indeed be content with small audiences though worthy ones. I must confess myself an incompetent judge of the relative merits of novels among themselves, for I read them with difficulty. Some there are I have read with great enjoyment, but they are, comparatively speaking, few in number. In trying to read certain of them, I only feel that the persons who revel in the perusal of them must have had very unromantic and unemotional lives of their own to be able to do so. That George Meredith's novels must have, as novels, very high qualities, I do not question nor doubt for one moment. But I believe it on the testimony of others, themselves of high literary repute, for to be truthful I cannot myself read them. The loss is mine, and I dare say the fault so, also; and I fear my candid

confession must lower me in the opinion of many who read this paper. Withal, I cannot read many pages of George Meredith's, although I never could be with him, without feeling that he was distinctly and unquestionably a man of rare genius.

While still in buoyant, physical health, he loved to gather round his table, in his modest-sized dining-room, a few choice spirits, gifted with conversational power, and once when I was staying with him, I had the pleasure of meeting some of these. The only time I ever met the present Prime Minister, Mr. Asquith, was on that occasion, and we sat next to each other. But "dear George," as we used to call him, was very proud, and justifiably so of his cellar, and my recollection is that on the whole, the wine was better than the conversation. To reap full enjoyment from his conversation, it was necessary to have him to oneself. In his later life, ever-increasing deafness made conversation with him a little difficult; but not many months before he passed away I spent the better part of two hours with him, and with the help of his trumpet contrived to make him hear. I thought his mind had acquired, not in any Party sense, a more conservative and cautious tone in dealing with the present situation, and a less sweepingly sanguine one as to the prospect of the future. Notwithstanding the clearness of his mind, and the still resonant quality of his voice, I said good-bye to him with the fear I might not see him again, and so it proved. When he passed away, I received more than one communication inviting me to sign a Memorial to the Dean of Westminster, to grant him interment and funeral honors in the Abbey. I did not reply; for, on general grounds, if on no other, I did not approve of the application. I have always held, and more than once publicly said, that it seems to me the door

of the Abbey, unless it be in the case of very great soldiers, or, by general consent, great statesmen, should not be opened to any one save after the lapse of some years. I could name two instances, were it not invidious to do so, where they were "rushed," so to speak, on the morrow of death, when it would have been indecent, or at least indelicate, and practically impossible for any one at such a moment to signify objection, though most right-judging people disapproved of the application. As a fact, the greatest

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Englishmen, and certainly the greatest poets, are not buried there, but sleep in country churchyards, away from the hubbub they in life disliked and avoided. But, though silent in prose concerning the appropriate resting-place of George Meredith, I said what I felt, and still feel, in verse. He may have been extolled over much in these days of exaggeration. But many of us remember and love him still, and, when all now living have passed away, he will be neither forgotten nor unread.

Alfred Austin.

PREMATURE.

A STORY OF MODERN INDIA.

The Honorable Mohan Nath smiled. It was an oily smile, the smile of one beloved by Government, and also hailed, at the same time, by the native Press as "a leader of the Indian nation." He looked for a moment upon the individual whose last remark had called forth the smile upon his benevolent countenance. Rather a contrast this man! Lean, spare of figure, with high cheek-bones, and eyes that looked all round you and never once at you, and yet gave you an uneasy feeling that they had summed up and put away for future reference all your past and your possibilities, if carefully managed, in the future.

"You see," said the Honorable Mohan Nath, and shifted a little, "I am such a very loyal 'native gentleman.' Yes, that is what my British friends say about me, I know."

"That is just the point," sharply replied the other. "You are a pillar of the *status quo*. There is doubtless a C. I. E. in store for you. None of your British friends suspect you of—well, let us say nationalistic tendencies. If they did, or do, it is all the same. They must keep on good terms with you, my

friend; they must hide from you their suspicions. They are, in fact, afraid of you—of us. Conciliation, sympathetic treatment, representative opinions! Very fine words, all of them, and they can be summed up in one—fear! Oh yes, the old days are gone. The British don't rule us now; in reality we rule them. How long is the farce to go on? You think it pays us? I don't. I think the time has come to end it; you say, 'Wait.' Why, what's the good of waiting? Till the British change their minds? That is a possibility, you know; they have a wonderful faculty for suddenly waking up and seeing things. At present they don't. Very well, then, let us strike while we can. If we fail, you and I will perhaps be even better off than now. 'Loyalty rewarded; gallant services; the King-Emperor is graciously pleased to confer'— You know it all. If we don't fail, or rather *they* don't fail—we are 'loyal native gentlemen,' as you so aptly put it—don't you see us sitting in the high places and using all the opportunities which these high places give, and which the present scheme of things unjustly prevents our using?

Oh yes, I know all about British justice, incorruptibility, and so on! Let *them* be incorruptible if they like. What I say, and what all our fathers said, is that when a man has gained a position, he has the right to get all he can out of that position. Why, now we are worse off in that respect than our subordinates; they can look after their own interests to a certain extent."

"You take too low a line," said Mohan Nath pompously. "I look to the good of the country. If I were not convinced, for example, that the movement you speak of were for the benefit of the masses, the ignorant, starving masses, the"—

"Oh yes," put in the other impatiently, "of course, of course." As a matter of fact, he had recognized a portion of the honorable gentleman's last Congress speech in these remarks, and was alarmed at the prospect of the whole oration being poured out upon him. Public and private life and speech, in his opinion, should never be confused. It was a principle of precaution, in his case wisely upheld.

"Well, let me hear the details of the scheme," conceded the Congress orator. "You can, of course, repose the utmost confidence in my secrecy under any circumstances. I take it that immediate action is not contemplated. My son tells me that the propaganda among the students is proceeding apace. There is a proposal, I believe, to employ these young men as collectors for the fund among the villages."

"Yes," said the other, and his eyes lit up; he was a born organizer and intriguer. "You see, the more we have involved, the safer is the organization."

"Yes, I see!" remarked the Honorable, with a slight hesitation begotten of the fact that he did indeed see the reason for his own admission to these "advance" secrets. He was never quite at his ease with this man. For one thing, he never received at his hands

those fulsome flatteries and soothing tributes to his honors and dignities which he was accustomed to get from other native gentlemen and also from Government officers on "conciliation" bent.

However, the matter of some people's discourse is more important than the manner, so he gave an attentive ear to the details of the scheme.

These need not detain us here. Suffice it to say that they were similar to the details of many other schemes that have for several years throughout the disaffected areas of India been whispered about, discussed furtively, embraced with enthusiasm, and somehow dropped after all in the end. Some day, perhaps, such a scheme will come to fruition, and the London newspapers will be headlined with consternation and surprise. There were many cries of "Wolf!" but a real wolf did come at last.

The fat barrister in the reception-room of his stucco palace, among its cheap mirrors and Calcutta-made furniture, fidgeted up and down in high excitement. Bloodshed was hardly his trade, but he had no objection to it provided he was not called upon to take any part in it himself. "In the cause of the masses, you know—the ignorant masses"—The spectacle of this very peaceable conspirator would undoubtedly have struck one of us as ludicrous. Nonsense the whole thing might have seemed, but dangerous nonsense. To the lean man with the fine nostrils it was something very near the reality of things.

It was late when he left that house of glaring incongruities and drove across the silent park in his magnificent carriage with its yellow body and aluminum wheels.

Meanwhile he had left behind him in the stucco palace a man of strangely mixed emotions. Mohan Nath was by no means enamoured of this proposal

to which he had listened. He was doing very well under the present state of things. He was not at all sure he stood to gain under any other. In fact, when it really came to the point of serious consideration, his luxuriant flesh shuddered at the thought of what might happen if "my British friends" were actually removed, in some popular rising, from this complex India. He was not an ignorant man. Far from it. He had traveled up and down his own country, and was aware of the varied sorts of gunpowder lying about waiting for such a spark to fall. Nor was he under self-deception, like some of his Bengali acquaintance, that mere clever management and adroit diplomacy would enable him and his class to control the wily Pathan, the daredevil Afghan, and the inscrutable Nepaulese. Yet his vanity and love of deference inclined him towards the glittering prospect of personal power and aggrandizement held out by the more sanguine of his associates. It was difficult to hold aloof; it was dangerous to join in unequivocally. He wanted to eat the cake he had got and also keep an eye on the cake in the oven. That seemed a reasonable policy; and, anyhow, he would not be called upon for definite action, or rather judgment upon definite action, for some months yet. With which pleasing reflection he went to sleep, though the pariah dogs were howling up and down the road, and a syce in the compound at the back was banging on a tom-tom to celebrate the birth of a second cousin's nephew.

Now, on the day following these momentous happenings, there chanced to fall a Mohammedan festival, with the attendant processions and celebrations incidental to such an occasion. The god of a thousand and one chances had also contrived that the wedding of a certain rich Hindu merchant's son should take place on the same day; and

a wedding in such high life is an affair of much importance to a great many more than those immediately concerned. All the motley riff-raff of the bazaar turn out to applaud and be fed with the crumbs from the rich man's table, so to speak.

Some rumor of possible disturbance arising out of the clash of rival shows had reached the resident magistrate; but he, a good-natured Laodicean of no particular fitness for his present (acting) appointment beyond the fact of having passed, after two years of hard labor at a crammer's, the necessary competitive examination, saw no reason to interfere with the arrangements made by either party.

Behold, then, Behari Lal's wedding procession, the banners and the baskets of artificial flowers, the structures of colored paper, the tinselled poles, and all the other gay appurtenances thereof, wending its noisy way, punctuated by many an uproarious pause, through the principal bazaar of the city. Behold, also, from the other direction, approaching with all the solemnity befitting the religious cause, the procession of the Mussulman community. Joined to it you may observe a fair sprinkling of dark-bearded, upstanding individuals who bear themselves with a certain reckless independence; Pathans these, a part of the large floating population of an Indian city, here to-day and gone to-morrow, not without a certain amount of other people's property with them.

On the whole, the prospects of the public peace are not rosy, and there is some cause for the look of anxiety on the boyish face of its protector in khaki, who leans from his horse and sends off a sergeant with an order. However, one never knows, and the whole thing may pass off with never a broken head. Indeed, the two processions seem to be passing one another quite amicably, in spite of the crowd-

ing in the narrow street. Then some one apparently jostles some one else a little unnecessarily; and then follows a stream of abuse which we need not repeat to ears unused to the picturesque detail of the Eastern imagination when applied to a congenial task.

Events move fast in a crowd, and it is difficult to say what happened next. Some one evidently sat down suddenly in an unclean puddle; half-a-dozen seized the opportunity of falling over him. Mud begins to fly and sticks appear from unlikely quarters. The Indian housewife (if we may call her such) has a frugal habit of compounding pats of cow-dung and plastering them upon the mud walls of her house for future use as fuel. These form an undeniable temptation as a missile, and the air is thick with them before long. The red turbans of the policemen bob about among the surging heads as their owners whack left and right with their batons, shouting, "Hey, brother! Hey, you swine!" impartially but altogether ineffectually. The youthful Assistant Superintendent tastes the first real enjoyment he has had since he came to India, raining blows, in biblical reminiscence, upon the just and unjust alike. Others of his service are soon upon the scene joyfully hastening from less congenial employment.

Gradually, as such things do, the affair dies down; the battered processions pursue their way, "bloody, but unbowed;" the Pathans slip quietly aside, modest men, unassuming and all for peace.

Now the bazaar appears fairly quiet again to outward seeming; but heads have been broken and rancor aroused, and below the surface there is an unquiet seething, and the night may well witness a recrudescence of disorder. So thinks the wary chief of police, and makes his dispositions accordingly.

You would not have supposed him to

be a desperate character. Ordinarily, you would have taken one glance at his studious, rather earnest face, his green coat with the Bengali *chudder* thrown over the shoulder rather in the manner of a Roman toga, his white *dhoti*, the wonderfully colored socks, and the brown British shoes, and you would have said a little contemptuously, as is the fashion, "Oh, one of the college students." But now look at him as he stands on the topmost step of the little shrine, and with head thrown back fronts the upturned faces of the moving mass that fills the white-walled enclosure of this ancient temple. Moving? Yes, but only when his burning words set them all aswaying in the vehemence of their passion, mocking them with sarcasm, touching them with pathos, galvanizing their lethargic minds to life and action. The uncertain light from the charcoal braziers flickers over their myriad-fashioned faces and varied garments. There are men of high caste and low caste and no caste at all, held together only by the magic of words—the words of a student. Truly the East is the home of miracle! But is it such a miracle after all, this power of sincerity? For that is what it is that holds them all. Here is a man, a "student" if you will, full of unassimilated Western knowledge, tags of English classic authors, inordinately proud of quaint idioms and ill-applied proverbs, an ardent believer in exploded Victorian theories and long-forgotten ideals, who yet, by the power of sincerity and a love of a motherland however imaginary, can move these men of many differences to feel as one beneath his spell.

Contemplate that youthful figure, swaying to the tide of his own eloquence, a little closely. He will repay some study. The son of respectable landholding parents, Sitaram Mukerji had been sent to the university, at

some sacrifice, to fit him for a safe Government post after the indispensable literary training culminating in the B. A. degree. Here, without any previous knowledge or understanding of European political history and conditions, he had come into contact with political theories utterly at variance with his hereditary ethical system. Eagerly he had absorbed their teaching; the crude enthusiasm, the delusive clearness, the positive conviction of these intellectual descendants of Rousseau and the *Rights of Man* appealed with all the force of novelty to his quick but utterly uncritical mind. It mattered nothing that most of these theories had been found unworkable and long since rejected in the West; he knew nothing of the long centuries of national discipline that had rendered representative institutions possible in Europe; all he saw was that the British were a powerful nation, and they had become powerful and great by means of these very ideas and institutions apparently. The conclusion was obvious. "Free" the Hindu people; make them a nation; let them govern themselves in the same way as European peoples govern themselves. So the ideal of a "motherland" formed in his mind, fostered by his reading in the Sanscrit scriptures of all the glories, mainly mythical, of ancient India. What was he to know of the impossibility of an Indian nation in modern India, of the necessity of a strong central power to keep together the irreconcilable elements of that many-peopled land? With a loyal admiration for the Hindu, he made light of other races equally entitled to existence in the Empire, and more capable of fighting for it. He had not the experience that rendered Mohan Nath apprehensive, nor the historical imagination to picture the horrors of a country suddenly exposed to an interracial struggle for supremacy.

So much by way of prelude to the scene before us. To understand is to forgive, and we may have much to forgive Sitaram Mukerji for this night's eloquence! For eloquent he undoubtedly is in his own fluent vernacular. Thoroughly convinced of the injustice of the British, of the divine mandate to himself to end it, perfectly prepared to suffer any sort of martyrdom and glory in the opportunity, he is just the sort of leader to move the men before him. He has little idea, perhaps, of what he means to do with them; but there are others in the crowd quite ready to take up the leadership when it comes to action, others who have mingled with the seething mob for that very purpose.

And to action it comes rapidly. An angry murmur runs through the ranks, swelling to a roar. They forget the orator; they cast loose all customary checks. In a few moments a stream of excited madmen is rushing through the narrow gates out into the bazaar. Our modest friends the Pathans, whom we last saw melting away into the insignificance of side-alleys, somehow emerge into prominence at several points in the hubbub. Somehow or other a rumor flies about, repeated at first under the breath with furtive hesitation, then shouted hoarsely in open defiance, "To the Treasury! To the Treasury! Loot! Loot!"

The whole crowd presses along, sweeping up into its following the flot-sam of the awakened streets. There does not seem to be much hurry; that is not the Oriental way; but it moves always. Sitaram Mukerji is caught up by the enthusiasm around him. He would have preferred, he is aware now, to go to the lines of the native regiment, and appeal to the sepoys as brothers to come out and murder their officers, and then sweep down, with added terror, upon the whole civil station. But that can doubtless be done

after. There is no harm in seizing the money first before they have time to guard it. The phrase "sinews of war" flashes into his mind. Some good out of an English education!

You taught me language; and my profit on it
Is I know how to curse. The red plague rid you
For learning me your language!

"Loot! Loot!" The shrinking *bunniahs* hear it behind their flimsy shutters. The women secluded in the back hear it too. They catch at only the natural interpretation, and chatted with fear. They know nothing of the patriotic motives of this inspired mob and the high-souled Sitaram. Some of them were justified in their fears, it is to be lamented, before daybreak.

"Loot! Loot!" and India would hear it every night were it not for this British "tyranny and oppression."

So the mob gathers strength, and comes out at last upon the silent outskirts of the station, into the straight roads lined with trees and cactus-bordered ditches in which the jackal lies hid till the unaccustomed noises pass on.

Now the big building of the Government offices loomed up before them, black against the northern sky, for the young moon was not yet below the horizon, though the light it gave was small. Here there was a momentary pause. The Treasury lay just beyond, and it would be guarded by a few native military police, armed with rifles and bayonets. But the mob made light of these. The police had little mercy to expect, and knew it; they would not stand upon the order of their going, and then it would be a simple matter to break into the building, tear down the iron bars, and drag out the heavy boxes laden with many lacs of rupees. They had seen these same boxes carted through the streets guarded by police. The memory of

that sight was stimulating! The crowd, dangerously silent now, closed up and advanced in a wide circle towards the guard-house and the Treasury that lay behind it. Suddenly, in the silence, came the *click* of rifle-bolts shot home—an ominous sound.

"Now then!" shouted the voice of a sahib addressing them in Hindustani, "what do you want? Be off at once!"

A confused murmur arose. Cries of "The red-coats! The red-coats!"—the native name eternally for British infantry in spite of universal khaki—were raised in consternation. It was unexpected this. The chief of police had rightly judged the temper of the bazaar in the morning, and left nothing to chance, so here was half a company of Tommies standing fast and fervently praying for "'alf a chanst at them blighted niggers!" Sitaram felt suddenly out of place; the exultation of his oratory had evaporated. This was, of course, the reaction; a very unpleasant sensation, anyhow! He concluded he had had enough for the present. "The better part of valor," he told himself, "is to live to fight another day." The martyr was merged back again into the man of maxims and queer sayings. Sitaram backed out.

He was not alone. There was a wavering, a surge forward, a bit of a scuffle. There was no need for shooting. The whole thing was over in a minute. The crowd had melted away, broken up into detached bands. Those boxes were still safe behind their iron bars.

But though the sight of armed resistance had temporarily dashed their courage, there were many still disposed for mischief. Many a bungalow lay dark among the trees, its inmates wrapped in unsuspecting slumber. These would prove an easy prey. A few of the rioters were impelled by a blind racial hatred; the words of such

as Sitaram had burned into their hearts, and now the smoldering fury had blazed up. But most were out for plunder simply, and these went to work with an eye to that, and that alone. Sitaram found himself mixed up with a section of these; the excitement of the thing, now that danger was past for the present, worked up his blood; he moved along with them, unheeding where they went.

First to the European shops, big bungalows standing well back from the broad road in spacious compounds. The jeweller's was soon a mass of broken glass and smashed cases; the lucky discoverers bore off their booty swiftly and were seen no more. Others, too late upon the scene, swept on under the command of a big Pathan and his fellows. They were new to this part of the country, but they had soon acquainted themselves with the bazaar talk. They had no use for an attack on the club which some were clamoring for; sahibs do not keep their money in their houses; they send it all to the bank or buy polo ponies. But the wealth of Mohan Nath—they dropped the "Honorable" in the bazaar—was common gossip. Doubtless, like the fat *bunniahs* (I am afraid they saw little distinction between *bunniahs* and barristers, these contemptuous Pathans!), he kept it all in that painted palace of his. Here was an opportunity not to be missed! They sped on, disregarding patriotic dissuaders. "He is one of us!" screamed Sitaram as he saw their intention, swept along with them. Some one struck him on the mouth, and he bent down, spitting blood. Others running behind threw down the stooping figure, and he grovelled in the dust. Truly he had not looked for a martyrdom like this! He got up and staggered away into the darkness, a sadly disappointed revolutionary.

The Honorable Mohan Nath woke

suddenly to find his room invaded by a horde of black-bearded ruffians. They pounced upon him. "Now then, old——" (and they used a vilely insulting word, these irreverent Mohammedans), "where is the money?"

The Hindu gasped for breath, and the sweat poured off his gross body. Perhaps he did not tell them quick enough; perhaps he answered them in kind; anyhow, in anger or in sport. But these things are hardly nice. Let us leave him there for his servant to find in the morning when he creeps in, terrified by the uproar of the night—to find, and run yelling away out of the stucco palace, with its glaring incongruities, to which one more, the last and most horrible, has now been added.

"Might have been a very serious affair indeed," said the collector, hastily summoned in from camp, "had it not been for your clever foresight, Stephenson. As it is, it just shows us on what a volcano we habitually live. Those patrols were a very happy thought. I shudder to think of the massacre that might have occurred had they not met with and broken up that mob in the Club Road! We must, of course, see about compensating the shopkeepers for their loss—pretty heavy, I understand; but I quite agree with you that your first duty was to think of the lives of the European population. By the way, I'm extremely sorry about old Mohan Nath. It will have a very bad effect, I'm afraid. You see, it looks as though he were specially singled out for attack as being loyal to the Government. His services to us and well-known loyalty were, of course, obnoxious to the anarchist section, and they seemed to have seized this opportunity of a chance outbreak to revenge themselves on him. It is all part of their terrorist programme, I can see."

"Couldn't have been merely for loot,

I suppose, sir? That, I think, is quite possible," suggested young Stephenson.

"Oh no. I am convinced my theory is absolutely correct," said the collector.

And that, of course, closed the discussion.

But it was a pity the collector could not read the thoughts of the lean man as he waited outside in the big veranda at that very moment, waiting to pay his respects to the Collector Sahib, and tell him how very, very upset he was by this dreadful outbreak of lawless violence, "utterly condemned, I

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can assure you, by the whole body of my countrymen." There he sat with a grim frown. "Premature—premature!" he muttered to himself. "If only they could have waited! Now this affair will put back all our plans for a long time. An ill-timed, ill-managed, blundering attempt, the work of a hot-headed fool! In other hands, a few months later, it might have succeeded. But now—absurdly premature!"

Observe that he gave not a thought to the sad fate of the Honorable Mohan Nath!

Du'r Mynudd.

THE BOY AND HIS BOOK.

It was the fashion, years ago (and may be now with many people, for all we know) to regard the average boy as a thoroughly practical, unimaginative little specimen of humanity, whose character the inner and secret life of thought and dreams had no part in forming. Such books as were written purposely for him presented him with a picture of himself in lurid colors as a person more than usually endowed with original sin, and set up for his example and hopeless imitation a mythical "good boy" who never overstepped the bounds of propriety in language, never soiled his clothes, gave his pennies to the gardener's sick child, and radiated good advice in the most annoying way on every available occasion. Too often these stories ruined their possible effect by sending the cherished infant into an early decline—perhaps to get rid of him. Later on came healthy school stories—those of the Rev. H. C. Adams, "The Cherrystones" and "the First of June" are instances—where, although the moral was very definitely pointed, it sometimes succeeded in really adorning the tale.

With R. M. Ballantyne and his period the situation changed rapidly. It became obvious that the boy possessed—surprising discovery!—imagination and fancy; that he was capable of projecting himself into the adventures of his heroes, of being a hero by virtue of exchanged identity; that he was of kin to the poet, inasmuch as he could live in a dream-world of his own. Ballantyne had an astonishing vogue; less astonishing, perhaps, when we remember that he had few competitors. In the 'eighties the boy's author had the field all to himself; or, rather, the spheres of his rivals were so definitely limited that he had no trouble in winning especial laurels and retaining them undisturbed. Kingston's sea stories made no intrusion upon Ballantyne's ground; Marryat's tales of adventure and Mayne Reid's more highly colored fantasies held a place apart; Jules Verne, idolized by youngsters of a scientific turn of mind, had nothing to fear from any other writer—he was the only man in those days who could work out plausibly the idea of a projectile with human freight shot "From the Earth to the Moon," or the notion,

then so wild, now becoming commonplace, of an airship, excellently named the "Clipper of the Clouds," that should travel long distances and ascend or descend at the will of its captain. These men knew the boy's mind to perfection; the "Boys' Own Paper" encouraged many of them, and did wonders in the way of providing healthy literature for that comparatively new phenomenon—the boy with a vivid imagination.

Then, alas! came the inevitable commercial exploitation of the increasing appetite for knowledge and adventure. Millions of boys must have millions of books: let us then commission a thousand writers to grind out detective stories, tales of blood and braggadocio; not because they or we understand the boy and love him, but because there's money in it. And let us, above all, make them cheap, so that the boy himself shall not wait to have them given to him at Christmas or to apply for them at the free library, but shall buy them with his own penny whenever he likes; and to secure that penny we will have pictures of feathered savages and pirates and muscular pale-face heroes on the front page. So reasoned the speculators; and soon into each little newspaper shop and tobacconist's crept insidiously rows of roughly printed stories, written in curious English, fiercely illustrated; stories of Cherokee Indians, by men who had never been farther abroad than Bou-

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logne; of pirates, by men who would have curled up and died if they had met one; of terrible shooting affrays, by men who didn't know how to load a revolver; of daring rescues, by men who had hardly rescued a fly from a cup of tea. By men, in short, who had just learned the trick, were clever enough to know that the young readers would not be too critical, and wanted the money. Even the school story, so finely done by Talbot Baines Reed in the bygone years, was prostituted. And these men, or their successors, are writing to-day.

Fortunately there is now a large number of writers who realize the pity of this machine-made stuff, and who, watching the possibilities of the developing mind, set themselves definitely to counteract it by work which shall lack no qualities of excitement, but which shall be on a higher level and of a finer tone altogether; men who understand the Boy Scout movement, and who publish, not two stories a week, but one or two good books a year. They cannot compete with the flood; they cannot, unhappily, write penny stories for the errand-boy—who must have his catchy title and his tempting front page, since he also possesses a lively, hungry imagination; but they are taking, to some extent, the place once held by the honored writers of the 'eighties, left vacant for so long.

Wulfrid L. Randell.

CHARACTER-GIVING.

A written "character" is not, as a rule, a document of much value. It describes the person concerned in conventional terms, and may at best be regarded as a guarantee of outwardly good conduct or a warning against the probability of excessively bad. But

when we say this we are talking of the characters which employers give to their servants, not of those which servants give of their employers—for, of course, they, too, give characters whenever it is possible, though the precise form in which they are given is a secret

which has been marvellously well kept. What, we wonder, are the stereotyped questions whose answers correspond to the "steady, sober and industrious, truthful and obliging," which we all make shift to say of nineteen servants in twenty? Do our servants try to gloss over our faults, and do their best for us when they are asked to give us a recommendation, as we do for them in like circumstances? Do they stretch their consciences in our favor as we do in theirs? We think probably not. The matter at issue is much less serious. If we fail to get a good servant, it is of no great consequence; if a servant fails to get a good place, it means a great deal. A sense of responsibility often renders the employer untruthful; a feeling of irresponsibility leaves the servant free to be sincere.

It is proverbial that we are not heroes to our servants, but we have deduced the fact, if fact it is, from our own inner consciousness, not from any evidence coming from the servant's side. We know so well what we want in a servant, and so little what, apart from the question of food and wages, servants want in an employer. Would "considerate, just, and not interfering" correspond in our "characters" to steady, sober, and industrious in theirs? As to "truthful and obliging," we know that it is desirable in an employer that he should be "always the same," and, above all, that he should not be capricious. Would the word "capricious" be used in the giving of a formal character? One cannot say. The colloquial word which stands for "capricious" is "funny." Probably we should not recognize ourselves if we saw our "characters." There are no doubt forms which describe types of employers, just as there are forms which describe types of servants, and though we all know a great deal about ourselves we none of us know to what type we belong; we think that we are

quite original and individual, and do not belong properly to any type at all. Such complex people as we are could not, we are sure, be simply labelled and set aside as belonging to any moral or mental class. From personal caricature both employer and employed are saved by different reasons. It takes some cultivation to draw a life-like figure, and that fact protects one party to the contract. It is much less disagreeable to the conscience to stretch it in a formal than in an informal manner; in nine cases out of ten that protects the other side from the cruelties arising from a crude sincerity.

It is certainly no easy matter to write a character of any one upon half a sheet of paper. Circumstances, as we have said, constrain even those who think they could do it. A touch of dark color such as the artist in words longs to put in may lose a man his living. If the character-giver cannot keep his imagination wholly out of his work he must flatter. The result is a more or less good picture and a more or less bad portrait. All of which shows that mercy is a far stronger stimulant to the energies, artistic and otherwise, than what we call principle!

But it is no easy task to give a character even of the person we know best in the world. Almost every one talks sometimes about himself or herself; draws a picture of himself or herself in conversation and shows it to chosen friends. As a rule, it is very unlike, and, to the student of character, very often worthless. We are all familiar with the blatant type of egoist whose one idea of intimacy is freedom to analyze his own merits in the presence of a silent companion. Or, again, with the much less disagreeable type of woman who, having, perhaps, not very much to be humble about, has preached to her children, using herself as an illustration, until the ideal and the actual have become completely confused in

her mind, and she regards herself as one with the fancy person whom she impersonates upon the family stage. This man and this woman act as a warning to their friends, and induce many of those who cannot attain to silence on the subject of themselves to give to themselves what might almost be called bad characters. Kind-hearted men often seem willing to leave an impression of hardness, and obtuseness is not unseldom feigned. No doubt there is a great terror of sentimentalism abroad, especially in a certain section of society, but that terror does not account altogether for this strange and mischievous wish to pose in a bad light. Perhaps it has something to do with a desire on the part of the *poseurs* to find out who are their real friends, or who is too quick-minded to be deceived by empty talk. Pride has something to do with it, a determination not to put right a false impression made by accident. Now and then, perhaps, a real modesty enters into the matter—true humility is not a very rare quality; now and then something like prudery, a sense that the soul must never be seen unveiled. Why people who are subject to this nervous sense of propriety talk of themselves at all is a question to which we see no answer. The theory of possession is the only one which fits the facts. We think, however, that it is a fact that a few men like to be disliked; no woman has ever felt the sensation, and we think most women would deny that it is a possible state of mind. A woman who purposely puts her own character in a bad light is completely untrustworthy, and is only making a crooked effort to please, or, at best, to surprise and interest, her hearer.

The people who, when they talk of themselves, tell the most truth are those who without self-praise betray a certain tenderness for their own characters. They can ridicule their own

actions, and even condemn them, but they leave a good impression of themselves upon their listeners, and they never say a word to destroy it. Between the lines it is impossible not to read a certain simple vanity, but nothing much worse. After all, there is no one who genuinely dislikes himself, though for ourselves we feel widely differing forms of regard. Some men's regard for themselves takes the form of admiration, or of a deep and intense respect; others, without any strong moral justice in their own favor, are a prey to an absorbing self-interest. Others see themselves very much as they are, but cannot resist a warm and never-ending sense of kindness towards the person whose actions they do not habitually defend. They are, we think, the best friends, these people. They love themselves as they love their neighbors, and that, though it is not the whole Law and the Prophets, is a large part of them.

Why is it that simple, uncultivated people, who are quite as good and quite as humble as the sophisticated, invariably give themselves a good plain character? Why do they, when they talk of themselves, lay immediate claim to all the cardinal virtues? They really cannot, in the face of such overwhelming evidence, believe that they possess them. We think it is only their way of freely admitting that these virtues have claims, and that they themselves, whatever their negligences and ignorances, do know right from wrong. They do not intend to deceive, they simply intend to range themselves upon the right side. Oddly enough, there is only one fault which simple people acknowledge without shame, and it is one which the sophisticated seldom admit. They will almost boast very often that they do not forgive. They consider, perhaps, that a tendency to bear a grudge is a necessary concomitant of a grateful dispo-

sition. "I never forget" is a common assertion. The notion is utterly untrue—gratitude and revenge seldom dwell together—but it is certainly very widely believed. Church-and chapel-goers, and persons making an unobtrusive and very genuine profession of religion, are apparently unaware of their heretical condition in this matter. Their memory, however, seldom bears very malignant fruit. Our conduct does not bear a very close relation to our creeds as we choose to profess

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them, any more than we ourselves bear any very close resemblance to our characters as we choose to portray them. Very often the characters we give of others reveal more of our individuality than those we give of ourselves. Indeed, the whole question of character-giving leads to confusion. If kindness and candor always went together, and if sincerity always implied insight, the world would be an easier place than it is to see one's way in.

THE PILL-DOCTOR OF KNOWLEDGE.

There are minds that run to maxims as Messrs. Holloway and Beecham ran to pills. From the fields and depths of experience they cull their secret ingredients, concentrate them in the alembic of wit, mould them into compact and serviceable form, and put them upon the market of publicity for the universal benefit of mankind. Such essence of wisdom will surely cure all ills; such maxims must be worth a guinea a box. When the wise and the worldly have condensed their knowledge and observation into portable shape, why go further and pay more for a medicine of the soul, or indeed, for the soul's sustenance? Pills, did we say? Are there not tabloids that supply the body with oxygen, hydrogen, calories, or whatever else is essential to life in the common hundredweights and gallons of bread, meat, and drink? Why not feed our souls on maxims, like those who spread the board for courses of a bovril lozenge apiece, two grains of phosphorus, three of nitrogen, one of saccharine, a dewdrop of alcohol, and half a scruple of caffeine to conclude?

It is a stimulating thought, encouraging to economy of time and space. We read to acquire wisdom, and no one grudges zeal in that pursuit. But still,

the time spent upon it, especially in our own country, is what old journalists used to call "positively appalling," and in some books, perhaps, we may draw blank. Read only maxims, and in the twinkling of an eye you catch the thing that you pursue. It is not "Wisdom while you wait"; there is no waiting at all. It is a "lightning lunch," a "kill" without the risk and fatigue of hunting. The find and the death are simultaneous. And as to space, a poacher's pocket will hold your library; where now the sewers of Bloomsbury crack beneath the accumulating masses of superfluous print, one single shelf will contain all that man needs to know; and Mr. Carnegie's occupation will be gone.

For these reasons, we heartily welcome Messrs. Methuen's re-issue of an old and excellent translation of Rochefoucauld's "Maxims," edited by Mr. George Powell. The book is a little large for tabloids. It runs to nearly two hundred pages, and it might have been more conveniently divided by ten or even by a hundred. But still, as Rochefoucauld is the very medicine-man of maxims, we will leave it at that. He united every quality of the moral and intellectual pill-doctor. He

lived in an artificial and highly intellectualized society. He was a contemporary and friend of great wits. He haunted salons and was graciously received by perceptive ladies, who never made a boredom of virtue. He mingled in a chaos of political intrigue, and was involved in burlesque rebellion. He was intimate with something below the face-value of public men, and he used the language that Providence made for maxims. But, above all, he had the acid or tang of poison needed to make the true, the medicinal, maxim. His present editor compares him with Epictetus, Marcus Aurelius, and Bacon—great names, but gnomic philosophers rather than authors of maxims proper. Nor were the splendid figures of the eighteenth century, who wrote so eloquently about love, virtue, and humanity, real inventors of maxims. Their sugar-coating was spread too thick. Often their teaching was sugar to the core—a sweetmeat, not a pill; or, like the fraudulent patents in the trade, it revealed soft soap within the covering, and nothing more. George Meredith had a natural love of maxims, and an instinct for them. One remembers the "Pilgrim's Scrip" in "Richard Feverel," and the Old Buccaneer in "The Amazing Marriage." But usually his maxims want the bitter tang:—

Who rises from Prayer a better man,
his prayer is answered.

For this reason so many fall from
God, who have attained to Him; that
they cling to Him with their weakness,
not with their strength.

No regrets; they unman the heart
we want for tomorrow.

My foe can spoil my face; he beats
me if he spoils my temper.

One sees at once that these are not medicinal maxims, but excellent advice—concentrated sermons, after our English manner. "Friends may laugh: I am not roused. My enemy's laugh is a bugle blown in the night"—that has

a keener flavor. So has "Never forgive an injury without a return blow for it." Among the living, Mr Bernard Shaw is sometimes infected by an English habit of sermonizing. "Never resist temptation: prove all things; hold fast that which is good," is a sermon. But he has the inborn love of maxims, all the same, and, though they are too often as long as a book, or even as a preface, his maxims sometimes have the genuine medicinal taste. These from "The Revolutionist's Handbook," for instance, are true maxims:—

Vulgarity in a king flatters the majority of the nation.

He who can, does. He who cannot, teaches.

Marriage is popular because it combines the maximum of temptation with the maximum of opportunity.

When a man wants to murder a tiger, he calls it sport; when a tiger wants to murder him he calls it ferocity. The distinction between Crime and Justice is no greater.

Home is the girl's prison, and the woman's workhouse.

Decency is Indecency's Conspiracy of Silence.

But among the masters of the maxim, we suppose no one has come so near as Chamfort to the Master himself. There is a difference. If Chamfort brings rather less strength and bitterness to his dose, he presents it with a certain grace, a sense of mortal things, and a kind of pity mingled with his contempt that Rochefoucauld would have despised:—

Il est malheureux pour les hommes
que les pauvres n'aient pas l'instinct
ou la fierté de l'éléphant, qui ne se
reproduit pas dans la servitude.

Otez l'amour-propre de l'amour, il en
reste très peu de chose.

Il n'y a que l'inutilité du premier
déluge qui empêche Dieu d'en envoyer
un second.

L'homme arrive novice à chaque âge
de la vie.

Sans le gouvernement on ne rirait
plus en France.

With a difference, these come very near Rouchefoucauld's own. "Take self-love from love, and little remains," might be an extract from that Domsday Book of Egoism in which Rochefoucauld was so deeply read. "Self-love is the Love of a man's own Self, and of everything else, for his own Sake": so begins his terrible analysis of human motives, and no man escapes from a perusal of it without recognition of himself, just as there is no escape from Meredith's Egoist. All of us move darkly in that awful abyss of Self, and, as the fourth Maxim says, "When a man hath travelled never so far, and discovered never so much in the world of Self-love, yet still the Terra Incognita will take up a considerable part of the Map." On the belief that self-love prompts and pervades all actions, the greater part of the maxims are founded. The most famous of them all is the saying that "Hypocrisy is a Sort of Homage which Vice pays to Virtue," but there are others that fly from mouth to mouth, and treat more definitely of self-love. "The reason why Ladies and their Lovers are at ease in one another's company, is because they never talk of anything but themselves"; or "There is something not displeasing to us in the misfortunes of our best friends." These are, perhaps, the three most famous, though we doubt whether the last of them has enough truth in it for a first-rate maxim. Might one not rather say that the perpetual misfortunes of our friends are the chief plague of existence? Goethe came nearer the truth when he wrote: "I am happy enough for myself. Joy comes streaming in upon me from every side. Only, for others, I am not happy." But Rochefoucauld had to play the cynic, and a dash of cynicism adds a fine ingredient to a maxim.

Nevertheless, after reading this book of "Maxims" through again, all the

seven hundred and more (a hideous task, almost as bad as reading a whole volume of "Punch" on end), we incline to think Rochefoucauld's reputation for cynicism much exaggerated. It may be that the world grows more cynical with age, unlike a man, whose cynical period ends with youth. At all events, in the last twenty years we have had half-a-dozen writers who, as far as cynicism goes, could give Rochefoucauld fifty maxims in a hundred. In all artificial and inactive times and places, as in Rochefoucauld's France, Queen Anne's England, the London of the end of last century, and our Universities always, epigram and a dandy cynicism are sure to flourish until they often sicken us with the name of literature. But in Rochefoucauld we perceive glimpses of something far deeper than the cynicism that makes his reputation. It is not to a cynic, or to the middle of the seventeenth century in France, that we should look for such sayings as these:—

A Man at some times differs as much from himself as he does from other People.

Eloquence is as much seen in the Tone and Cadence of the Eyes, and the Air of the Face, as in the Choice of proper Expressions.

When we command good Actions heartily, we make them in some measure our own.

Such sayings lie beyond the probe of the cynic, or the wit of the literary man. They spring from sympathetic observation and a quietly serious mind. And there is something equally fresh and unexpected in some of the sayings upon passion:—

The Passions are the only Orators that are always successful in persuading.

It is not in the Power of any the most crafty Dissimulation to conceal Love long, where it really is, nor to counterfeit it long where it is not.

Love pure and untainted with any other Passions (if such a Thing there be) lies hidden in the Bottom of our

Heart, so exceedingly close that we scarcely know it ourselves.

The more passionately a Man loves his Mistress, the readier he is to hate her. (Compare "Catullus's *Odi et amo*".)

The same Resolution which helps to resist Love, helps to make it more violent and lasting too. People of unsettled Minds are always driven about with Passions, but never absolutely filled with any.

No one who knew Rochefoucauld only by reputation would guess such sentences to be his. They reveal "the man differing from himself"; or, rather, perhaps, they reveal the true nature, that usually put on a thin but protective armor of cynicism when it ap-

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peared before the world. Here we see the inward being of the man who, twice in his life, was overwhelmed by that "violent and lasting passion," and was driven by it into strange and dangerous courses where self-love was no guide. But to quote more would induce the peculiar weariness that maxims always bring—the weariness that comes of scattered, disconnected, and abstract thought, no matter how wise. "Give us instances," we cry; "Show us the thing in the warmth of flesh and blood." Nor will we any longer be put off by pillules from seeking the abundance of life's great feast.

THE LUXEMBOURG GARDEN.

I am always conscious of the Luxembourg Garden. I hear the whistling of the engines in the Gare Montparnasse and the rumbling of the tram-cars in the rue de Rennes, but I am not—most fortunately—I am not conscious of them. I know the kingly Louvre is just on the other side of the river awaiting my pleasure, but I am not conscious of it. Paris itself, the Paris of my childhood, which actually haunted me when it was only a word, at best a passing vision, has long lost the charm which used to be attached to its elegant syllables as it dwells in the names of flowers. But the more I have lived in the near vicinity of the Luxembourg the more continuously I have felt its fascinating existence. I may be lazy or busy, thinking hard or not thinking at all, wistful or listless, the happy island near by is part of my consciousness. As some secret loadstone of desire in our minds draws and governs all our thoughts, sometimes the imperial sweep of the great garden, sometimes the brilliant ring in the grand parterre, sometimes a soli-

tary larkspur dancing in an unvisited platband associate mysteriously with my moods, and I know that the moment I am released from work I shall drift towards them.

I dare say many people in this neighborhood whose anonymous faces have gradually become familiar to me, must often find themselves in the garden without knowing why or how, but I am always conscious of the attention and know the phases of my progress. There are two chief ones. As I cross the glaring wilderness of the boulevard Raspail I walk warily and timorously, risking shy glances to the right and left to see if any pulling down is threatening, or if a crew of that horrid and unnatural corporation—the urban woodcutters—are taking stock of a forgotten garden over a pallsade. The moment this dangerous zone is behind, I walk more erect and prime myself for a fight with the Spider. The Spider is a thin, ageless, spectacled Jew who keeps a second-hand bookshop on my way. Second-hand booksellers as a rule have a grand way of letting you

do what you like with their books without interfering: they are a gentlemanly brotherhood. But the Spider is different. Ten seconds after my appearance at his stall his round glasses gleam in the cobweb of miscellaneous articles hung behind his window, and if I dare take up a book some invisible thread immediately brings him to my side. He invariably begins with offering me English books; Young's "Night Thoughts," or Thomson's "Seasons," or an exceptionally pretty duodecimo "Pamela" in eight volumes. "No, they don't interest you," he says in an off-hand manner when I shake my head. "But Shakespeare? . . . you must be interested in Shakespeare?" I have explained several times to the Spider why I do not buy his Shakespeares, but he perversely forgets it and says in a disgusted tone, "No, Shakespeare does not interest you." Then he quickly gets in and out of the shop, as if he had twenty legs instead of two, and placing a Greek folio close to my nose—the Spider is very short-sighted—he says, with an emphasis which invariably forces my departure, "Here is a beautiful S. John Chrysostomus. This must interest you!"

In a few steps I am in the Luxembourg, and at once I adopt the gait which befits the place, while my mind undergoes a sudden change. Much as I may have wished to find myself there I feel as if I did not care, as you have seen a goldfish pretending slow-swimming indifference when he is replaced in his bowl and waiting a while to show his real feelings. I do not look at the garden itself. I proceed calmly watching the people and satisfying myself that every thing is as usual. The gardeners have just eaten their lunch, and they resume their work, which in this season is chiefly to sweep the sere chestnut leaves in rustling unstable heaps. They smile and nod over their long brooms. All friends. I can ask

them the names of the plants which I yearly forget: they will be only too pleased. I am part of the garden, and they have no doubt that I am interested. I know the calendar of the Luxembourg as if I were one of them: 15 March, chairs repainted; 1 April, wall-flowers out; 15 April palm, pomegranate and other hibernating trees carted in shaking procession out of the tall and warm conservatory. Week after, unwise, enterprising rose bushes cut down to the stem. May to August, grand parterre gay with low serried artificial-looking flowers with a back row of larkspurs and foxgloves, to give us hope. August to November, grand parterre a blaze of tall rank geraniums, hollyhocks and salvias, with aster bushes against S. Theresa's Day, and chrysanthemums afterwards. This is the great floral joy of the whole year. 15 October—invariably a splendid sunshiny day—"hibernants" reluctantly carted back to conservatory; gardeners smiling and merciless like old Fate; 15 November everything mowed down heaven knows when, probably in the night, as nobody ever saw it done, and winter stillness settling in.

But winter stillness is still far away, and the gardeners are only pretending that it is autumn with their dead leaves, and the usual people are in their usual places in the garden. In the broad avenues to the right, two boarding schools of girls in black, old-fashioned uniforms play at ball: the uniforms were made new for October last, but they look old and short just now; further to the right the S. Sulpice priests walk by twos or read their breviaries; and further again, in the green lawns near the pépinière, a sprinkling of students con books. This is not their usual haunt. As a rule they are on the other side of the grand parterre with étudiantes, and keep up a great noise; but the imminence of examinations drives them from their

seats, as migratory birds are compelled to travel by various necessities which M. de Serres—on the Spider's shelves—explains very well, and reduces them to forlorn loneliness and cheerless commune with unfamiliar books.

To the left, in the meandering walks round the Silenus, young mothers of families block up every path with the wheelbarrows, hoops, skipping-ropes, and sand-shovels of their hearts' treasures, and a cicada-like sound of many voices rises under the trees. Do not come too near, but examine at your leisure. You will see there several types of that almost extinct character, the Parisian bourgeoisie of the days when bourgeois was a compliment not an insult. These young women were born in the old houses in the rue Bonaparte and the rue de Vaugrard; their mothers played in the avenues in which they are now watching their own children at play, and the genius loci, the spirit of old Paris—the Paris which meant people not houses—speaks in their modulated voices. But the motor-car waylays these well-to-do young matrons at every corner, and if they give in, good-bye to this dear old sojourn of ancient simplicity: it will be given up to the Irish nurses and learned Fräulein, who now fill the circular walk round the grand parterre with their brogue or their surreptitious French.

On the other side of the roserale, insufferably hot and desert in this season, a peaceful avenue of aged plane trees between the Petit Luxembourg and the croquet ground. The Petit Luxembourg might be a bishop's house in a cathedral town, and its garden, with its trim shrubberies and narrow strips of flowers, looks formal and provincial. There lived Richelieu and Napoleon Bonaparte, first consul; and there now lives M. Antonin Dubost, President of the Senate, who might be some day President of the Republic if

he were not so unpopular. I have never seen a soul in that garden, and I long felt as if it were my own property; but some months ago the unpopular, invisible occupant raised the low railings, and I lost the pleasant sensation that I kept out because I would rather see the place from a distance. On the croquet ground the croquet club are playing. Day after day, unless it pours, the croquet-players strategize in that quincunx and day after day their compeers, often to the number of a hundred or a hundred and fifty, watch them in mute admiration. There never was such a good-natured, easily pleased fraternity as the Luxembourg croquet club. How I know it is difficult to say, for I never once stopped to look at them, but I know it for certain all the same.

A flight of a dozen steps brings you to the Queens' Terrace, with the queenly if ugly statues ranged on their pedestals behind you. Here the consciousness of the garden, which has been so far dormant, suddenly becomes wide awake. There is no more question of who is in the Luxembourg and who is not, what people are doing and what I may be thinking of them: these things are mere trifles with which the imagination delays its enjoyments a while. On the Queens' Terrace the beauty of the garden returns on me with all its irresistible power, and I deliver myself up passively to it. I suppose that if I were to be taken up in the air by a very accomplished aviator, whose strong wings gave me the sensation that I was gliding up and down, forwards and backwards and round with no effort and only unbounded pleasure, the feeling would be somewhat akin to that which the sight one enjoys from the balustrade can give. The unity and harmony of all that we see create the fluid spiritual medium through which the soul flies without obstacle—one gets used to the

heavy strength of Marie de Medici's Italian palace—and the wonderful variety of the lines and colors is the magic force which takes its weight away from our being and endows it with enrapturing lightness. It must be the vegetal wealth of the grand parterre that begins the enchantment: when the soul has played over it some time, the noble line of the white balustrade calls and leads it from the divine flowers to the flowing contours devised by human ingenuity, the rich masses of foliage which seem to copy before they finally reveal the dome of the Panthéon, the deep avenues verging towards the pearly grey vision of the Observatoire, the tall tree-tops over which the spires of S. Sulpice tower. Everything invites and nothing detains too much the eye: our vision only meets with happy curves as seductive as the most graceful attitudes. The sky, which over the Tuilleries has its own beauty, seems to belong to the Luxembourg, and so does the breeze which the broad, empty spaces behind the Observatoire produce

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even in the hottest days. The first hour one passes on this terrace is an enchantment, but when the Luxembourg has gradually become part of our life and memories attach to all its sights or moods, something positively human underlies its charm and speaks in the many clock-bells one hears there, in the bugle of the "retraite" at sunset, and even in the dull Oriental drum of the Guignol on a warm afternoon.

When you have had your fill of the terrace poem, you can walk over to the other side of the grand parterre, and sit somewhere in the charmille between the Odéon and the Medici fountain. It is quite a thoroughfare, and thousands walk along there between two and seven or eight in this season. An hour of this slow-moving procession will not tire you with the garden as a background to its human aspect, and you will see more that will make you think and wonder than in all the novels out for sale in the Odéon galleries hard by.

Ernest Dimnet.

ROBERTSON OF BRIGHTON.

"You will think me an illiterate dog: I am, for the first time, reading 'Robertson's Sermons.' I do not know how to express how much I think of them. If by any chance you should be so illiterate as I, and not know them, it is worth while curing the defect." Thus wrote R. L. Stevenson of "Robertson of Brighton." To read several volumes of sermons, however good, is something of an undertaking. We would advise such of our readers who must confess to a measure of illiteracy once shared by Stevenson to take his advice in a modified form and read an admirable selection from Robertson's works made for them by Mr. R. Mudie-Smith (Kegan Paul, Trench and Co., 3s. 6d. net).

Frederick Robertson's name is remembered, and we might say his fame, but many of those who have vaguely heard of him would be puzzled to-day to say upon what his immensely wide influence rested. It has been said of him that he had a genius for preaching, as other men have a genius for poetry; he was, he must have been, an orator. Yet his most enthusiastic admirers disclaim for him the gift of oratory, so self-evident was his candor. He died before he was forty of brain disease, brought on by over-work—not book work, not parish work—he died broken down by the nervous strain of preaching. Could he have rested, he would, according to his doctors, have lived, but

he could not rest—he was constrained to preach. As a rule, such a temperament is accompanied by fanaticism, and expresses itself in a narrow dogmatism devoid of charity and of common sense. Robertson, for all his ardor, was a man of the widest sympathies; and, impulsive, combative, sensitive, and given to over-statement as he was, his worst enemy could never have accused him of the slightest leaning to obscurantism. Sometimes, as we read his letters as they are given us in Stopford Brooke's "Life" of him, full of genius and of egotism, as they are, we revolt against his extreme realism, and long for a less crude view of life and its pain and penalties. He never spoke smooth things; he denounced the comfortable prejudices of his day; he never descended to any of the advertisements of the popular preacher; he was completely without humor, yet he touched the heart of both educated and uneducated England, and he was, perhaps, the only English popular preacher whose influence extended to the Continent. His life is sad reading, and he painted life in sad colors; yet men thronged to hear him. He never suggested, however, that men ought to be sad, and urged the duty of augmenting the happiness of youth by every legitimate means, and the duty of easing by charity and by law the "misery," which he perhaps exaggerated, of the poor. He thought men should rejoice while they could, but he doubted if life could afford a serious man much opportunity for rejoicing. Only very exceptional people were, he believed, happy, and this conviction was part and parcel of the peculiar form of evangelicalism which, freed from its dogmatic limitations, yet led him to regard "the cross" as the exclusive symbol of a Christian life. "The deep undertone of this world is sadness," he said, "a solemn bass occurring at measured intervals, and

heard through all other tones. Ultimately all the strains of this world's music resolve themselves into this tone." For the lighter melody of life he had but a poor ear, though we are told that he could throw himself heart and soul into a children's game. He believed this defect in himself to be a racial defect, and exaggerated immensely the constitutional gloom of the English people:—

Of all the nations on the earth none are so incapable of enjoyment as we. God has not given to us that delicate development which He has given to other races. Our sense of harmony is dull and rare, our perception of beauty is not keen. An English holiday is rude and bolsterous; if protracted, it ends in *ennui* and self-dissatisfaction. We cannot enjoy. Work, the law of human nature, is the very need of an English nature. That cold shade of Puritanism which passed over us, suddenly eclipsing all grace and enjoyment, was but the shadow of our own melancholy, unenjoying, national character.

But if Robertson could at times speak slightly of the Puritans, no Puritan ever denounced worldliness with more vigor. For what he called "the world-chase," and the men and women who are "fevered by its business, excited by its pleasures, and petrified by its maxims," he had a profound contempt. "Worldliness," he said, "is a more decisive test of a man's spiritual state than even sin," and that because "sin may be sudden." But if he was hard on the worldly, the sanctimonious never escaped his scourge. He hated "the vulgar, unapproachable sanctity which makes men awkward in its presence and stand aloof." Such "goodness" was, he said, at best but "second rate." Again, he distrusted a great show of moral severity. "Unrelenting severity," he said, "proves guilt rather than innocence." How much purity of heart, he asks, "was

proved by the desire of those Pharisees to stone the woman taken in adultery?"

Robertson did not believe it possible to keep politics out of the teaching of religion, though he denounced all party-spirited preaching. "My Radicalism," he said, "is religious, not political," yet a Radical was he. In his letters he declared himself an aristocrat by taste and a democrat on principle. He believed that the poor suffered from the tyranny of the rich, and his words often remind one of Tolstoy's terrible sentence: "The rich will do anything for the poor—except get off their backs." With regard to the virtues engendered by poverty, he was, however, to say the least, not sentimental. Here is a passage which one would have thought could not conduce to his popularity with any class in his congregation:—

It was not, except by invitation, in the rich man's house that Christ was found; it was not for his ears that His instructions were framed. It was His passion to teach those who were forgotten by the national instructors. There was a burning, almost passionate, indignation in His language whenever it came in his way to rebuke their oppressors, who shut up knowledge from them, and would have kept them uneducated; who ever-reached them (in Bible phraseology devouring widows' houses); who lived in purple and fine linen, while Lazarus lay forgotten at their very threshold. Political economy has spoken its fine lessons of philanthropic humanity. Demagogues have courted the popular voice by loud harangues against what they call the oppression of the rich. Sentiment has taken poverty under its patronage, and adorned the cottage in touching stories with imaginary graces and purities that are never found there. But no man ever stood up the poor man's champion but Christ, and those who, like Christ, have lived with the poor and for them.

In spite of the dark colors in which

he painted, it would be difficult to call Robertson a pessimist. He pooh-poohed many of the sentimental regrets and fears which lead men to glorify the past:—

See, then, the folly and the falsehood of the sentimental regret that there is no longer any reverence felt towards superiors. There is reverence to superiors, if only it can be shown that they are superiors. Reverence is deeply rooted in the heart of humanity—you cannot tear it out. Civilization, science, progress, only change in direction; they do not weaken its force. If it no longer bows before crucifixes and candles, priests and relics, it is not extinguished towards what is truly sacred and what is priestly in man. The fiercest revolt against false authority is only a step towards submission to rightful authority. Emancipation from false lords only sets the heart free to honor true ones.

But it may be asked—all this has little directly to do with religion—what did the people of Brighton "go out for to hear"? Was it religion or was it merely strong, and perhaps rather biased, sense? Robertson was undoubtedly a man of religious genius as well as a preacher of genius. "A sublime feeling of a Presence comes about me at times," he said in a letter to a friend, "which makes inward solitude a trifle to talk about." In some extraordinary manner Robertson's congregation appeared to be conscious of this Presence. As to the creed he taught, he is, of course, usually regarded as one of the founders of the Broad Church. The superstructure he did not live to see nor to argue about, and whether he would have said with some that no such Church now exists, or with others that all other Churches have taken or are taking refuge within its portals, we cannot say.

These are the "principles" upon which he "taught," given in his own words:—

First—The establishment of positive truth instead of the negative destruction of error. Secondly—That truth is made up of two opposite propositions, and not found in a *via media* between the two. Thirdly—That spiritual truth is discerned by the spirit instead of intellectually in propositions; and therefore truth should be taught suggestively, not dogmatically. Fourthly—That belief in the Human character of Christ's Humanity must be antecedent to belief in His Divine origin. Fifthly—That Christianity, as its teachers should, works from the inward to the outward, and not *vice versa*. Sixthly—The soul of goodness in things evil.

It is a pity that, despite these great principles, Robertson wasted his strength very often in small controversies, such as Sunday observance, etc., and the unfortunate fact that he had no sense of humor often led him to take seriously and regret childishly, and answer bitterly, criticisms which were not worth thinking about, and critics wholly unworthy of his steel. Robertson himself knew that certain serious defects of character are almost inseparable from the preacher's office. "I wish I did not hate preaching so much," he wrote one day; "the degradation of being a Brighton preacher is at times almost intolerable," and, again, he regrets that he has weakened his nervous system by "stump oratory." Preaching always excited him, and a sermon would leave him for days too

The Spectator.

much agitated to work. He doubted often if he ought not to give it up—for the sake of his spirit—though he would not attend to his doctor's advice and give it up for the sake of his body. Blameless as was his life and fruitful as were his exhortations, he could not escape the minor dangers which the pulpit shares with the stage. He grew sensitive and self-centred, he came to need the stimulus of a crowd moved to emotion. Close as were his intimacies and wide as were his benevolences, the circle of his affections was latterly narrow indeed. Yet he hated excitement as much as he craved it:—

I am persuaded there are few things morally so bad as excitement of the nerves in any way; nothing—to borrow a military word, and use it in a military sense—nothing *demoralizes* so much as excitement. It destroys the tone of the heart; leaves an exhaustion which craves stimulus and utterly unfits for duty. High-wrought feeling must end in wickedness; a life of excitement is inseparable from a life of vice. The opera, the stage, the ball-room, French literature, and irregular life—what *must* they terminate in?

It is impossible to deny that he was a man who sacrificed his life and something of his soul to a rare and wonderful gift, and it is impossible altogether to approve of that sacrifice, even though he had consecrated that gift to the service of God and men.

ULSTER'S REWARD.

What is the wage the faithful earn?
What is a recompense fair and meet?
Trample their fealty under your feet;
That is a fitting and just return.
Flout them, buffet them, over them ride.
Fling them aside.

Ulster is ours to mock and spurn,
Ours to spit upon, ours to deride;

And let it be known and blazoned wide
That this is the wage the faithful earn.
Did she uphold us when others defied?
Then fling her aside.

Oh, when has constancy firm and deep
Been proven so oft yet held so cheap?
She had only asked that none should sever,
None should divorce us, nothing divide;
She had only asked to be ours forever,
And this was denied.
This was the prayer of the heart of Ulster,
To them that repulsed her
And flung her aside.

When in the world was such payment tendered
For service rendered?
Her faith had been tested, her love had been tried,
And all that she begged was with us to abide.
She proffered devotion in boundless store,
But that is a thing men prize no more,
And tossing it back in her face they cried—
"Let us open the door,
And fling her outside."

Where on the earth was the like of it done
In the gaze of the sun?
She had pleaded and prayed to be counted still
As one of our household through good and ill,
And with scorn they replied;
Jeered at her loyalty, trode on her pride;
Spurned her, repulsed her,—
Great-hearted Ulster;
Flung her aside.

The Times.

William Watson.

BOOKS AND AUTHORS.

Lucille Baldwin Van Slyke's delightful stories of the Syrians in Brooklyn which have appeared from time to time in the magazines are now gathered in a single volume, entitled "Eve's Other Children." A certain unity is furnished by the appearance in nearly all the dif-

ferent tales of the charming nine-year-old girl, Nazileh. The author has had the gift to see the peculiar poetry and beauty of these Syrians and to interpret it in an extremely readable form. The odd little twists which the English language receives in its translation

from the Syrian is cleverly reproduced. One smiles and is touched in turn as he reads, and the reading is not mere entertainment. It conveys a better understanding of the way in which the Oriental mind reacts to the environment of the New World. The group of stories is valuable for its power of human insight as well as for its grace of expression. Frederick A. Stokes Company.

From the George H. Doran Company there come—in slender, gray-bound volumes—three modern plays, all of them up-to-date, and dealing with present-day problems: "Rutherford and Son" by Githa Lowerby; "Milestones" by Arnold Bennett and Edward Knoblauch; and "The Honeymoon" by Arnold Bennett. "Rutherford and Son" is a play of great power,—a tragedy of a sort, but not a tragedy of crime, but of mental misery and the perversion and hardening of character. The central figure is a man who has bent his own energies and the lives of those dependent on him to the single end of building up and handing down to his son the industrial establishment of which he is the head, and who finds his children, as they grow up, outwardly obedient to his tyrant will, but dreading, distrusting and hating him. The havoc which he works with the lives of his daughter and his two sons is strikingly depicted; and the play leaves upon the mind a haunting impression of the sordid and sombre effect of the passion for material gain. Between this tragedy and the second play "Milestones" there is a certain kinship, since both deal with the effect of industrial ambitions and development upon character, but "Milestones" is written with a lighter touch. The three "milestones" of the play are a quarter of a century or more apart, the first being in 1860, the second in 1885, and the third in 1912. The same characters appear in each period, with

such changes as time brings: the radical young shipbuilder of the first, who abandons his older partners because they look askance upon the substitution of iron for wood in that industry becoming the conservative middle-aged man of the second, who regards with similar distrust the substitution of steel for iron, and the stern grandfather of the third Act who visits upon an undesirable marriage the same harsh disapproval with which his own youthful plans were greeted,—relenting, however, at the last, in season to allow the curtain to fall upon a happy scene. In all three Acts, the theme is the revolt of new ideas and new ideals against the old, and the daring attempt to show how this revolt is, carried on under different conditions through three generations is astonishingly successful. As for "The Honeymoon," it is just pure comedy, rollicking diverting and clever, in Arnold Bennett's lightest mood. Its action all takes place within twenty-four hours, and it concerns itself with a succession of dilemmas in which a distinguished aviator is placed by the problem whether he shall or shall not sacrifice his honeymoon to the chance to win distinction in a great contest. The confusion produced by the discovery that the curate who married the young couple was an imposter, and the marriage therefore invalid; the intervention of the ponderous Bishop; the character of the distinguished authoress, the groom's mother, and her highly-submissive secretarial husband; the vacillations of the groom between the claims of his romantic bride, and the possibilities of his profession; her decision to abandon him because he finds it in his heart to hesitate; his subterfuges and evasions and the way in which he is found out,—all this is portrayed with an unflagging humor and delightful naturalness.